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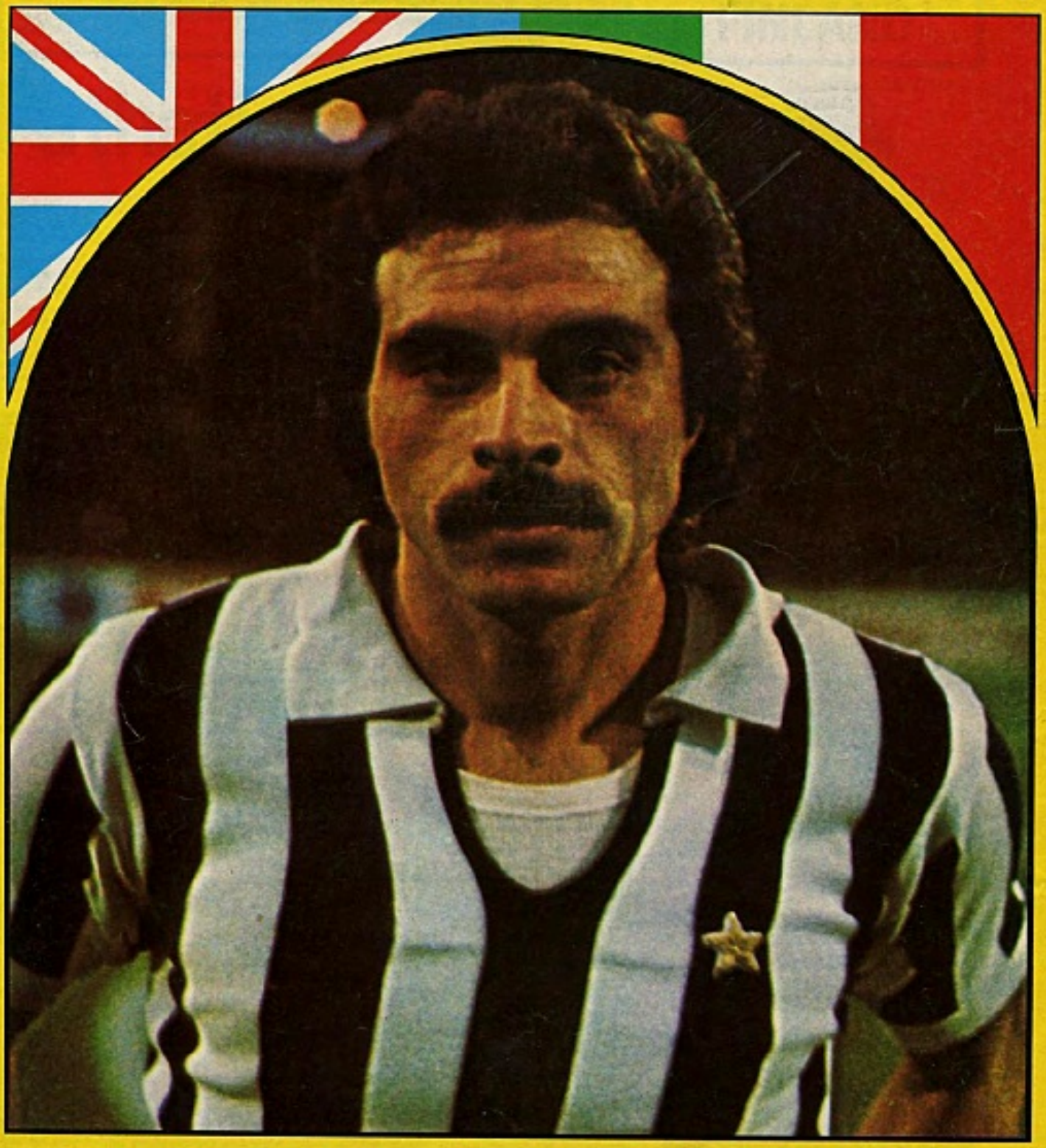

ENGLAND v ITALY PREVIEW

KENNY DALGLISH Liverpool

World SOCCER

SCOTLAND THROUGH TO ARGENTINA

Leslie Vernon reports from Anfield-page 7

ITALY BEAT FINLAND

ITALY moved a step nearer qualification for Argentina with a clinical 6-1 thrashing of Finland, the side who made England struggle at Wembley a few months ago. Italy showed that they are in a different class to England and potential winners of next year's finals. The man who destroyed Finland (and England's faint chances of qualifying ahead of Italy) was Roberto Bettega who scored four goals, three with his head. Graziani and Zaccarelli were the other Italian scorers. Toivola replied for Finland.

Pathetic England

ENGLAND slumped to rock bottom with a pathetic display against Luxembourg, scoring just two goals on a night when three times that many should have been considered an average return.

Without a win in six matches, England needed goals against Luxembourg to make life difficult for the Italians but they never looked like coming. England quickly fell back into bad habits, overcrowding the middle, failing to get people wide and slinging over a stream of inaccurate high crosses.

Though Luxembourg defended resolutely and in great depth, the England players fell into familiar traps. Ray Kennedy scored the first England goal in the 30th minute, being presented with an easy chance. Paul Mariner added a second a minute from time.

England: Clemence, Cherry, Hughes, Watson (Beattie), Kennedy, Callaghan, McDermott (Whymark), Wilkins, Mariner, Francis, Hill.

Luxembourg: Moes, Barthel, Fandel, Mond, Rohmann, Zuang, Michaux, Philippe, Dussier, Monacelli, Braun.

Peter Ward

PICK WARD

START AGAIN ENGLAND! Ron Greenwood should make wholesale changes for the match against Italy. With our ticket to Argentina in shreds there is absolutely no point in continuing with players who are tactically naive and technically inferior to the task at hand.

COMMENT
by Philip Rising

The sooner England looks to its young players the better. But to introduce just one or two, like Peter Ward or John Deehan, to the current side would be pointless. They would sink without trace. It is time to introduce fresh talent, fresh ideas and new enthusiasm.

Though Ron Greenwood's selection for the match in Luxembourg was disappointing it would be wrong to blame him for the inadequacies of the national team. We are still suffering the penalties of the post-1966 era — when wingers became unfashionable and 90-minute runners replaced the artists — and Revie's lost years.

Mr Greenwood has already shown that he is aware of many of the problems. He should be given a role in football where he could help restructure the game as a whole. He is right to suggest that England should go back to playing "B" internationals, the night before a full international, thus making full use of the players in the national squad.

But the role of England manager should go to Brian Clough, with Peter Taylor as his assistant. At the same time Clough could continue with Nottingham Forest. It is not essential to have a full-time England manager, especially if the Football Association had someone like Ron Greenwood as an overlord.

Clough gets the best out of players. He could start from scratch, looking ahead initially to the 1980 European Championship and then the 1982 World Cup finals.

For the time being, however, we can start by putting the "Liverpool experiment" back on the shelf and facing realities. If Gerry Francis is fit he should immediately return to the England team at Wembley on November 16, and as captain. Peter Ward should come in, though it would have been nice to see him at least on the substitutes' bench in Luxembourg.

No point in throwing hopeful centres into the middle for a player like Ward, who scores only a couple of goals each year with his head. Let's get back to playing football on the ground. Trevor Francis is worth a place, but not Gordon Hill who isn't even the best winger at Manchester United.

Steve Coppell, Dennis Tueart or Peter Barnes must be considered.

It was ridiculous to leave Trevor Brooking out of the Luxembourg match. If England are now to build for the future Brooking's age will count against him, but I'd still like to see him play against the Italians, with Gerry Francis and Tony Currie.

England must find a midfield to compare with that of Scotland; have we not players to compare with Asa Hartford, Don Masson, Lou Macari and Bruce Rioch, all of whom play in the Football League? They have been allowed to stamp their own identities on the Scottish team. England must permit players like Francis, both Trevor and Gerry, and Currie that freedom.

You don't run carthorses in the Derby. England's international team needs quality players. Let's give the few that we have a fair crack of the whip. And bring Brian Clough into the action without delay.

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Front Cover picture

Franco Causio of Juventus, a probable starter for Italy against England at Wembley this month.

BEARZO RESPEC

Giancarlo Antognoni of Italy.

ENZO BEARZOT is 50. He was a hard-working, disciplined wing half with Internazionale and Torino before making a career as a coach. His experience at club level is minimal. Yet Bearzot is a man who has the respect of all his players, a vast number of officials and virtually all Italy's clubs.

At the moment . . .

He walks a tightrope. But keeping his balance demands keeping a squad of players content and calm, a bevy of officials out of their way and a large contingent of hangers-on at more than arm's length.

Win, draw or lose at Wembley and Bearzot will know he faces deep trouble. Whatever happens he cannot win. Cannot win, that is, unless Italy go all the way to Argentina and win the World Cup.

It is all or nothing. And the further Italy go the higher the expectations will become, and the further Bearzot will fall when the inevitable ultimate failure arrives. To win or draw at Wembley must guarantee Italy a place in Argentina. Even a defeat, as long as it is not too large, will not cause much upset, since Italy then have the luxury of a last home fixture against Luxembourg in which to pile up the goals.

First Bearzot has all the problems and pressures of preparing for a big important match. After, assuming Italy obtain the result they want, Bearzot will no longer be able to protect his players from the ballyhoo — the niggles which are built up, the unsettling rumours, the personal jealousies engineered by malicious hangers-on.

Even, as Ferruccio Valcareggi will recall, the attempts to influence the matches.

These are the influences which will be at work in the seven months between Wembley and Argentina. These were the men to whom Bearzot alluded a year ago when he said: "My real fight is not with England, but with so many of my own people."

If Vottorio Pozzo were alive, he might smile wryly at those words. We tend to think nowadays that our pressures are greater than ever before. Not so. Pozzo, remember, was the man under whose guidance Italy first entered the World Cup in 1934. And not only did Italy enter, but the finals were staged in Italy, and Mussolini and his blackshirts were determined Italy should win.

Pozzo lived with the knowledge that if Italy failed, a nasty accident might befall him. At least failure for Bearzot would not have the same mortal consequences . . .

Partisan

Italy, to Pozzo's relief and Il Duce's expectant delight, did win the thing — but only after Czechoslovakia took them to extra time in the final in Rome. It was a goal from the weary Bologna centre forward, Angelo Schiavio, which won the trophy, and sent Pozzo and Co on to France in 1938 as holders.

In 1934 the Italians had benefited from their own partisan fans, who unnerved opponents and referees. In France everything was changed. The atmosphere was very definitely against them, despite the presence of many of their own fans who had been able to make the comparatively short trip.

Yet Pozzo had put together a better team. Norway gave them a scare in the opening round, forcing the holders to extra time; hosts France fell next, then Brazil in the semi-finals — though the Brazilians contributed to their downfall by inexplicably resting their stars, Leonidas and Tim, presumably for the final.

Instead it was Italy against Hungary for the World Cup, and the Italians coming out straightforward winners at 4-2 thanks to two goals from Silvio Piola.

The problems of 1938 were of a normal nature. Those of 1950 were abnormal — and too much. Just over a year before the finals the nucleus of the Italian team was wiped out when the entire first-team squad of champions Torino was killed in the Superga air disaster.

Pozzo had resigned through ill health in mid-1948, and responsibility for the *Azzurri* had fallen on the shoulders of Torino president Ferruccio Novo. But he wasn't a manager, even if he had proved a shrewd judge of players to buy. He called in a journalist, Aldo Bardelli, to choose the team, but it was a hopeless task. The players, understandably at that time, refused to fly to

	Club	Birthday	Caps	Goals
Goal:				
DINO ZOFF	Juventus	Feb 28, 1942	58	—
LUCIANO CASTELLINI	Torino	Dec 12, 1945	1	—
Defence:				
GIACINTO FACCHETTI	Internazionale	July 18, 1942	92	3
ANTONELLO CUCCUREDDU	Juventus	Oct 4, 1949	3	—
CLAUDIO GENTILE	Juventus	Sept 27, 1953	9	1
GAETANO SCIREA	Juventus	May 25, 1953	5	—
MARCO TARDELLI	Juventus	Sept 24, 1954	12	—
ROBERTO MOZZINI	Torino	Oct 22, 1951	4	—
Midfield:				
GIANCARLO ANTOGNONI	Fiorentina	April 1, 1954	22	6
ROMEO BENETTI	Juventus	Oct 20, 1945	35	1
FABIO CAPELLO	Milan	June 18, 1946	32	8
RENATO ZACCARELLI	Torino	Jan 18, 1951	9	—
Forwards:				
FRANCO CAUSIO	Juventus	Feb 1, 1949	29	1
CLAUDIO SALA	Torino	Sept 8, 1947	13	1
ROBERTO BETTEGA	Juventus	Dec 27, 1950	11	9
FRANCESCO GRAZIANI	Torino	Dec 16, 1952	17	8
PAOLINO PULICI	Torino	April 27, 1950	15	6

(Does not include World Cup tie v Finland)

T EARNS T, BUT...

by
Keir Radnedge

South America for the finals and a tedious three weeks of bitter internal conflict were spent on the boat trip.

Once arrived Italy were beaten 3-2 by Sweden, and that defeat cost them the World Cup they had held for 16 years. Victory over Paraguay came too late.

Italian football was now sliding fast towards the abyss. The league was flooded with star players from abroad. Some, much as the Swedes Gunnar Nordahl, Nils Liedholm and Gunnar Gren and the Uruguayan Schiaffino — all at one time or another at Milan — brought a remarkable level of skill and ability with them. Others, notably from Argentina, Paraguay and Uruguay, brought little but a desire to earn the greatest possible amount for the least possible effort.

Worse, they stunted the development of Italy's own players, and the result was defeat by Switzerland in the 1954 World Cup Finals and elimination — by *Northern Ireland* — in the 1958 qualifiers.

The South Americans had been drafted into the national team, but that of course did nothing to recreate the pride of the fans in their once beloved Azzurri.

In 1962, in Chile, Italy failed to progress beyond the first round. This was the last time men such as Omar Sivori and Jose Altafini would play for Italy.

Foreigners

Edmondo Fabbri built a young team based on the newly-emergent AC Milan and Internazionale. Alas, his team settled too early and was falling apart by the time of the 1966 Finals. Defeat by North Korea was the incredible result. The immediate step taken by the league was to ban foreigners. In 1970 Italy were back in the final.

But they had lost too much energy going into extra time to beat West Germany in the semi-finals. They lost too much vital skill and experience in the *staffetta* which meant Rivera and Mazzola substituting each other, never playing together. And they lost . . . to Brazil.

Team squabbles didn't help, and contributed too to the failure to progress beyond the first round in 1974 in West Germany.

Now Italy stand poised to go to Argentina. It's hard to believe that all the same mistakes won't be made again.

Bearzot has tried hard to create a contented squad. But it hasn't been easy. Fulvio Bernardini, who took over as team boss after the World Cup and pulled Bearzot up as his assistant, then pushed him forward as successor, decided that Rivera and Mazzola were past it.

Accordingly he tried to find a new team — and used 33 players in just six games in which Italy scored just two goals in losing three times. The European Championship was merely a bad dream. But on Bernardini's restless, experimental start, Bearzot — who selected the team from the autumn of 1975 — built a unit.

Putting his faith in the experience of Dino Zoff and Giacinto Facchetti — now the sweeper — the speed of full back Francesco Rocca, the precocious talent of Giancarlo Antognoni, and the lethal pairing of consistent Franco Causio, he also had one other piece of good fortune.

This was the emergence, in Juventus and Torino, of two highly-effective team units filled with men ideally suited to step straight on into the national team.

The 3-2 defeat by England in the US Bicentennial Tournament in May, 1976, was seen at the time as a major psychological setback — particularly since Italy had been 2-0 up early on. But in Rome a year ago it became clear that this was a different generation of footballers to the Italians who could once be unnerved by memories.

If anything, that US defeat provided Bearzot with the excuse to force his men to follow the patterns he wanted. The result is now that Italy are group favourites.

Don't expect to see Italy look convincing at Wembley. No Italian national team ever looks truly convincing. But with the Juventus backbone there's no reason for England not to fear a very effective opponent, determined to allow no gaps at the back, and always looking for the quick break.

Italy know England can be caught out this way at Wembley. That's how they won there late in 1973, with a goal from Fabio Capello.

Facchetti may be slow now, but he is still as big, and Zoff behind him is possibly the best goalkeeper in the world. Marco Tardelli I heard praised recently as "the best defender in the world", by a man who has watched football on both sides of the Pacific this year.

There's the fleet-footed Causio, the artistic Antognoni, and the lethal pairing of Francesco Graziani and Roberto Bettega up front. Italy, it seems, have all the aces.

As Bearzot would say, it's how they are *allowed* to play them, by their own well-wishers, which matters now.

Action from the Italy-England clash in Rome last November with Brian Greenhoff making a break for England. Italy won 2-0.

GROUP TWO TABLE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Italy	4	4	0	0	15	2	8
England	5	4	0	1	13	4	8
Finland	6	2	0	4	11	16	4
Luxembourg	5	0	0	5	2	19	0

A GERMAN reporter hit the nail on the head when he wrote recently that outfield players may come and go, but Dino Zoff goes on forever.

And Zoff, at 35, is England's major obstacle in the big World Cup decider at Wembley on November 16.

The ironic touchstone is this: If England are foiled by Zoff, it is an Englishman they will have to blame. For the Juventus goalkeeper freely admits he has modelled his style on that of Gordon Banks.

Italy have produced many great goalkeepers over the years. In the past 20 the last-line job has fallen to men of remarkable contrast. There was the flamboyant Renzo Buffon — one of Zoff's early heroes; the awkward-looking Giorgio Ghezzi; the ice-cool Giuliano Sarti; the dominating Ricky Albertosi.

Zoff would probably align himself somewhere between Ghezzi and Sarti. He's a sober stylist, concerned first and foremost with security and not show.

"When I went to play for Napoli," Zoff recalled, "I was just 25 and not very outward-going. Before my first game I was warned that I ought to acknowledge the fans if they cheered me when I ran to my goal.

"But I thought that wasn't my style, so I didn't bother. It took the fans a long time to forget that, and I learned my lesson."

Zoff was back in Naples a few weeks ago, with champions Juventus for a league match. Juve won 2-1, but only thanks to the brilliance of the man born in Mariano del Friuli on February 28, 1942.

"We didn't have television when I was a boy," said Zoff, who chose to go in goal even in street matches as a kid. "So the first goalkeeper I had any chance to study was Romano, of Udinese. It was only much later that I met Buffon and then saw — partly thanks to television — Banks, and Yashin."

Zoff's *Serie A* debut with Udinese was a catastrophe — a 5-2 thrashing by Fiorentina, only three more games and then . . . relegation. But his displays the next year in the second division persuaded Mantova that he was worth bringing back to the top flight.

Zoff did well; Mantova did not. His four turbulent years there saw Mantova go down in 1965 and struggle back up the next season. The future was gloomy — but not for Zoff, who was snatched away by Napoli.

They were trying to create a championship team, with veterans Omar Sivori and Jose Altafini to score the goals, Zoff to save them.

He was more successful than they were. Napoli failed to win anything, but for Zoff it was a different tale. In April 1968 he made the first of 50 appearances for Italy, in the second leg of the European Championship quarter final against Bulgaria.

Italy won 2-0 and went through to the finals — to be staged on home soil. Zoff kept his place as Italy beat Russia in the semi-final on the toss of a coin, and then Yugoslavia in a play-off to win the European crown.

But still his place with Italy was not assured. It was Albertosi who was first choice for the 1970 World Cup, Zoff only returning after Juventus paid more than £500,000 for him in the summer of 1972.

Now, five seasons later, he has yet to miss a league game for the Zebras. He has conceded a goal on average only once in every three games and before Italy's World Cup 3-1 win over Haiti in West Germany he had kept a clean sheet for a record 1,143 minutes in internationals.

How much longer can he go on? "As long as I feel able," said Zoff, which glosses over the fact that he owes his high degree of fitness to dedicated training and a happy metabolism which means he doesn't have to worry too much about putting on weight.

"An hour and a half's work a day is generally enough," said Zoff. But it's what you put into that time. Zoff works particularly hard. Indeed, he's often out on the training grounds early, ahead of the rest of the squad.

When Italo Allodi, then Juve secretary, signed Zoff from Napoli, he said: "With this man in your team, you have six points before the league has even begun."

Praise not achieved without hard work and a perfectionist's application. So how does Zoff rate himself as a goalkeeper?

"I consider myself complete, in that I've worked as hard as I feel I can on each facet of my play. I'm no brilliant specialist, but I don't think I have any glaring weaknesses, either. Reflexes, line judgment, punching, catching, penalties — it's all the same. What really counts above all is experience though. That contributes half to whatever you may achieve.

"A good goalkeeper must be able to sum up a situation in a split second, or he is lost. There's no one around to put your mistakes right."

Zoff admits that perhaps he might have won more caps had he been more ambitious early in his career and pushed his own case harder. But, as a modest man, albeit a realist, he scorned the kind of public displays or outbursts which pushed less talented men further into the limelight.

Even now he denies holding star status.

"That's not possible for a goalkeeper in Italy. Here it is forwards who are all important, then one or two midfield players. The rest of us are nowhere."

Don Masson scores the controversial penalty for Scotland against Wales at Anfield.

Leslie Vernon reports from Anfield

'Argentina, here we come!'

AS neutral observers go, this august publication picked the wrong guy — me — to cover the vital World Cup match between Wales and Scotland. I have a great deal of sympathy for Mike Smith and his brave band of players, and my natural inclination to root for them was reinforced by the feeling of anger against the insane decision not to allow the game to be played either at Cardiff or Wrexham.

Injuries to Ian Evans, Malcolm Page and last but certainly not least, Leighton James, which hit them hard, also made one feel that the dice were unfairly loaded against them.

The Scots, in the other corner, regularly field such unscrupulous performers as Donachie, Jordan, Hartford, Willy Johnston. Players who are always just one foul away from the red card, and wouldn't be out of place in football rogues' gallery. But I realised that Scotland had already qualified for the Finals on the 9.50 Inter-City train from Euston to Liverpool!

This usually sombre railway was packed with the London Scottish contingent of a world-wide supporters' club, singing and drinking their way to triumph. Their incredible wardrobe included tee-shirts with 'Argentina here we come' slogans in three different languages (English, Scottish, Spanish), and the flags carried by them were a danger to passengers who wished to escape the noise in the smallest compartment of the train.

This fantastic support (let us charitably forget the excesses!) infused the Welsh defence with the jitters, and they gave away three corners in the first 80 seconds — David Jones and Co. must have felt like I did, that these supporters will force their own lads to play above themselves, and that victory could not be denied to them.

But Dalglish of all people wasted an early chance, and Jordan shot over when facing goalkeeper Davies. After 10 minutes' play, Wales settled down and the rest of the half was more evenly balanced. Toshack, back from the wilderness, conquered his agonising self-doubts, kept on winning the ball in the air from McQueen, but his cunning headers were too clever for his inexperienced partners.

One expected to see Kevin Keegan materialise to demonstrate how it should be done! It might have been unkind to suggest that the regimental goat was the 'best man' on the pitch in the disappointing first-half, but not far from the truth.

Robert Wurtz, the French referee, who was practically running alongside the ball for 90 minutes, booked Donachie (surprise, surprise) for a bad foul, and then Buchan came on for the injured Jardine early in a much better second period.

In the 58th minute, Toshack chipped the ball beautifully over the head of the out-of-position goalkeeper, Rough, but he miraculously twisted himself backwards and finger-tipped the ball over the bar. A minute later, Davies made an equally good save from a Dalglish header following a Masson corner-kick. When it seemed that we should have to be satisfied with a not unusual goalless draw, an astonishing series of incidents put Scotland into the 1978 World Cup Finals!

In the 78th minute, Willy Johnston took a throw-in (which itself looked illegal to me, as he was standing on one foot when he released the ball), Jordan, and behind him, D. Jones jumped up together, and unquestionably, a hand appeared which flicked the ball away.

Wurtz, like a demented toy, hit his own arm in rapid succession, and just as often, pointed at the penalty spot with jerky persistence. I must confess that from the Press Box, it looked a perfectly legitimate penalty, but I must also confess that I believe Mike Smith when he insists that his player did not handle the ball — at least that's what his player told him. Wurtz, who did a brilliant job in the middle, was very near to the incident, and he did not hesitate to award that fatal spot-kick which was so efficiently converted by Don Masson. Three minutes from the end, the best move of the match provided a magnificent goal.

Macari, who didn't have a particularly happy time, gave a long ball to the advancing Buchan, whose centre was headed home by Dalglish. 2-0 to Scotland — Si, si, Senor, "Argentina here we come".

Of course, from now on, the main interest must focus on Scotland — mediocre on the night, but not without potential, fantasy. "British players have no feelings in their feet," said the Dutch journalist who was sitting next to me at Anfield.

That generalisation surely doesn't apply to several of the Scottish boys, such as Buchan, McGrain (absent against Wales), Hartford, Gemmill, Dalglish, Johnston. There is plenty of time to forecast their World Cup destiny, but in short, if they curb their tempers, their team spirit, cohesion and understanding augur well for them.

AFTER the Hungary v. Wales match in Budapest, in the general euphoria in the Welsh dressing-room, I remarked that this was the first time that the Magyars were beaten at home in a competitive match. This top-of-my-head observation was picked-up by other colleagues, and subsequently it has been magnified out of all proportion. For instance, Terry Yorath, captain of Wales, said in a newspaper interview that the highlight of his career was the victory against Hungary, who were previously unbeaten in the Nepstadium for 60 years! To put the record straight: 1. The Nepstadium was opened shortly after the war, no one could have been beaten there earlier. 2. Hungary lost 1-0 to E. Germany in the very same Nepstadium on November 21st, 1973, and again they lost 2-1 to Wales on April 16th, 1975. Sorry Terry, not 60 years, only 17 months.

by ERIC BATTY

Have England score goals

ON November 16 England play at Wembley in what is certainly the most important match staged there since they drew 1-1 with Poland at the end of 1973. In fact, if it is just as important as that Poland game, it is considerably more difficult for against Poland a straight win by any score would have enabled England to qualify for the 1974 World Cup.

Against Italy, the circumstances are different. England must win to have any chance at all of playing in Argentina next year, but to give themselves a real chance England have to win well. By that I mean they must beat Italy by perhaps 3-0 or 4-1, in order to make a dent in Italy's goals difference and leave them with an impossible task in the final match, Italy v Luxembourg in Italy.

The odds are stacked against England, for in fact Italy have two chances of qualifying. The first is at Wembley where a draw would be enough to see them through — a draw by any margin.

Italy's second chance comes after the Wembley event when Italy take on Luxembourg in Italy and very shrewdly, with their team so far being a blend of Juventus and AC Torino players, the Italian Football Federation has named the Stadio Communale in Turin as the venue for this match, the ground on which the two clubs play all their home league matches. The Italians will know after the final whistle at Wembley how many goals they have to put past Luxembourg (assuming England beat Italy) . . . in order to qualify. That is their second chance.

No doubt Italy are in the driving seat. No doubt either about how they will play at Wembley.

That at least should help England manager Ron Greenwood pick the right kind of team to see the Italians off, if he can find the necessary players.

Enzo Bearzot, the Italian boss, will send his team out to play a cautious cat and mouse game, based on a very solid defence, a packed midfield, and fast counter-attack. In a word . . . *catenaccio*.

This was the defensive system that allowed Portugal to go away from Wembley with a 0-0 draw against England not long ago. They did it thanks to their two big central defenders who were extremely good in the air and a fine goalkeeping performance by Damas.

More recently, Switzerland demonstrated the same tactics with a similar formula, in which goalkeeper Burgener played very well behind Chapuisat, the Swiss *libero*, and they too got away with a 0-0 draw.

But even here the Italians have two edges. Portugal and Switzerland were only copying the Italian defensive system. Italy are the masters of *catenaccio*, playing it every week in league games. They must therefore be expected to be better at it than either the Portuguese or the Swiss.

The second Italian edge is the fact that their players are more ruthless in their attitude than either of the other two sides that held England to 0-0 and their defensive players are probably the most highly skilled at professional fouls in the business.

Holding opponents, pushing, nudging just as their man is about to jump, in order to put him off is an art amongst the Italians and the referee will need to have eyes like a hawk to catch them.

And if England get frustrated should they fail to score the early goal they will obviously be praying for, and things get a bit rough then watch Romeo Benetti. He is one of the roughest, toughest players that I have seen, when the mood takes him, although he can also play a bit.

So England have got to go looking for goals against the best organised defence in the world, one unlikely to be beaten by high crosses from just inside their half. Long balls down the middle are out, too, for Giacinto Facchetti, standing well back, will pick them all off easily.

If there is a hope for England, apart from anything the English players can do, it lies in the fact that both goalkeeper Dino Zoff and the *libero* Facchetti are both well past thirty. They will 'blow out' at some time in the near future, but all the signs are that it will not come yet for both men have been doing very well for their clubs so far this season.

Classic

So England have to do it the hard way — and it will be difficult. Assuming that I was right about Ron Greenwood's plans, I expect that England will have Stuart Pearson up the middle for he is not only good in the air but also a very good central target who lays off good balls when he gets a good one served up to him.

This was where Kevin Keegan failed against the Swiss though it must be conceded that the service he got was not very bright. Keegan I believe, will figure on the right, with Denis Tueart on the left wing, and much will depend on the ability of these two to get round the back of the Italian defence.

That is the classic way to play against *catenaccio*, but by fair means or foul the Italians will try everything they know to prevent their defence being turned round.

If this pair can hit the Italian by-line often enough they can cause real problems, and to help them go down the wings it is customary to use the full backs up in close support. The full backs can play their part too by over-lapping Keegan and Tueart, but if they break free, they will have to contain themselves and resist the temptation to stick over high balls until they get very close to the by-line.

That means committing the full backs to go all the way to give maximum support to the two strikers on the flanks.

If by these means, the England attack can reach the by-line and then square balls into the goalmouth on the ground, or pull balls back to men like Kennedy and McDermott on the edge of the Italian area in shooting positions, then England could get goals.

This is the way that everyone TRIES to play against *catenaccio*, but the big problem is do England have the personnel to do it consistently?

Mr. Greenwood has made it clear that he will stay with Don Revie's most experienced players for the rest of the World Cup campaign. After that, assuming he keeps the job — and it will be a disgrace if he doesn't — he will surely try to create a new team in his own image, almost certainly using players in the 22-33 year age bracket.

But for the moment he seems set on trying to use the understanding between players that he thinks must have developed by playing together until now. I have doubts about the ability of some of the players to play the game the way Ron Greenwood will want it played against Italy, but Trevor Cherry at left back is the one player above all that I cannot see fitting in.

Having outlined very briefly what England must do in attack in order to get the goals they need so badly against Italy we now come to the other side of the coin. For Italy are a counter-attacking team, and they have some very fine players at their disposal that play this way every week, and are very good at it, just like the defenders.

Basically they have four main means of counter-attacking.

The first two revolve around the talents of Fiorentina's Giancarlo Antognoni. With two central strikers in front of him, Antognoni has the skill to deliver the old-fashioned through ball for the twin strikers to chase. Alternatively, he makes runs up field himself with the ball apparently tied to his foot and often goes on to reach a shooting position himself.

Hustling

Italy's secondary armament is Franco Causio, allegedly a right winger who in fact starts in midfield doing his share of hustling and then having got the ball, has the skill and speed to go down the right or the left to create chances. He rarely scores himself, but on either flank he could create havoc.

In earlier games, Italy have also used full backs Marco Tardelli and Claudio Gentile as secondary attacking players, though perhaps for this one, they will receive orders to play purely defensively. If they do come out, as against Luxembourg and Finland, they could cause trouble too.

Tardelli is a highly skilled player who plays in midfield for Juventus plying their strikers with ammunition, while Gentile got the first goal away to Finland, allegedly the left back, but making a run from the right wing to get in close and score with a shot. One unusual thing about this pair is that unlike most counter-attacking full backs they do not stick to their own flanks, but frequently change sides when they move upfield.

Until now, Enzo Bearzot has kept his twin striking pair together — Roberto Bettega and

d the players to s against Italy?

Francesco Graziani. Bettega is a class player, very gifted for a big man. In Helsinki he took three of Causio's crosses on his chest from the inside left position and got in really fierce left-foot volleys. One brought a goal, another clipped the bar, and the third brought a fine save out of the Finnish 'keeper.

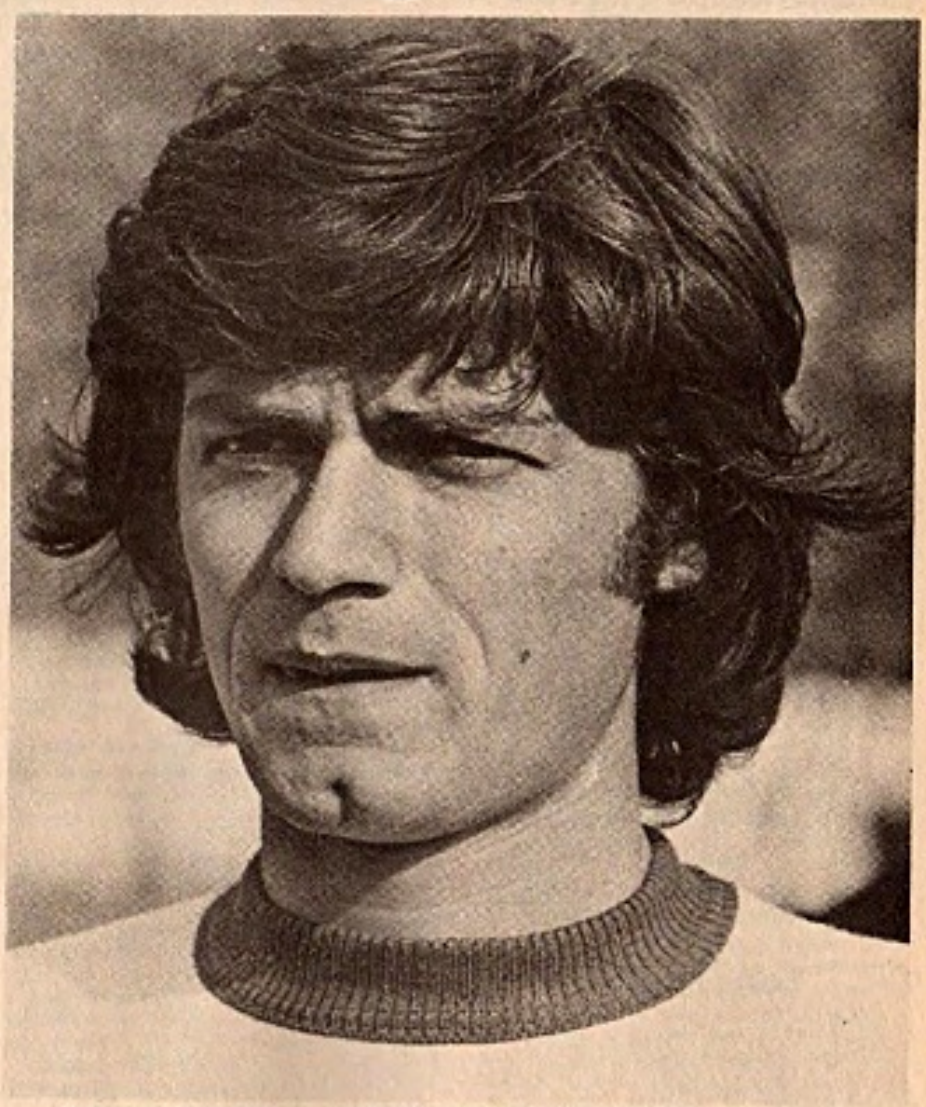
Far better

Bettega really wants watching. But up alongside him Graziani does not have the same skill. In fact he is a bit cumbersome. Bigger than Bettega and perhaps better in the air, but not really skilful enough. Bearzot might make a switch here, preferring Juventus' Roberto Boninsegna for Graziani, for though Boninsegna will be 34 at the time (just) he has been playing really well in league games, getting goals regularly, and he is a far better all-round player than Graziani.

So defensively England have got to take care. One Italian goal could ruin everything. Not only would England be understandably put out to be 1-0 down, Bearzot would then in all probability do as he did in Helsinki and take off Causio and bring on another defensive midfield player to make it even more difficult for England.

Italy one goal up would be disastrous, so Bettega and his fellow strikers need tight marking shadows, while cover has to be provided behind the twin stoppers to cut out Antognoni's long through balls. That means three centre backs. On top of that, Causio needs to be picked up by a very mobile player who can cover the ground and wander as the winger does, and I don't think Cherry is the man for this. Someone smaller, nippier, with bags of stamina is needed to play Causio out of the game.

Then again, Antognoni needs a man who can tight mark him, yet is mobile enough to stay with him and worry him if he tries to make his solo runs. So England do not really need full backs, for the Italians do not play with orthodox wingers. What England need are three centre backs, and two midfield players to cover Antognoni and Causio.



Giancarlo Antognoni — a probable starter for Italy at Wembley this month.

So the tactical line-up should be: 1-2-4-3, with the two free midfield players supporting Keegan and Tueart on the flanks instead of full backs, for whom there is no need.

It is a revolutionary concept, and England have never before had a manager with the imagination to do it. But Ron Greenwood is the one man who could — if he has the players to make it work.

If it were a game in which the managers pulled the strings from the side lines I would take Greenwood to beat Bearzot. But it's the players that have to play, and Bearzot has the edge because he has the players who have already proven they can play the game he wants. Whatever happens, it will be a royal battle, and a game not to be missed, and the outcome will hinge on whether Ron Greenwood can get his men to play the game the way he wants. If he can, then I could seen England winning by two or three goals . . . and that might be enough to qualify. But I fear that the players at Ron Greenwood's disposal cannot make it work, and I fear more than anything a situation in which Italy grab the lead and then put up the shutters and close the shop.

13 UNLUCKY FOR WHOM?

by JACK ROLLIN

IF crystal-ball gazing has become part of the the international football appendage the omens for the England v. Italy match at Wembley are fraught with dreadful possibilities. But for which side?

To start with it will be the 13th time the two countries have met at full level. That is surely enough to start the shivers. And though England have had the edge overall in the series with five wins and four draws to just three victories for the Italians, this alas tells only the historical facts and not the modern trend.

Up to June 1973, the Italians had never beaten England. The best they had managed was to draw four times. But then once they learned how to beat us it almost became a habit.

Almost is the operative word because in the summer of 1976 in the Bicentennial Tournament in New York we managed to reverse the process and defeat them 3-2 in rather unusual circumstances. That rather freak result upset a pattern which has seen Italy beat us three times and in addition prevent us from scoring.

This includes a win at Wembley four years ago in the same month of November which virtually settled any remaining doubts that Sir Alf Ramsey would be after all taking the long walk out of the England manager's role.

But back at the beginning of it all in May 1933 to be exact, England went to Rome to meet a side which in the next five years was to become World Champions on two occasions. A goal from Arsenal's Cliff Bastin earned us a draw and the following year the Italians clutching the first of their World Cup titles came to Highbury to play a return fixture.

Faint hearts

Again it was the dreaded month of November and the Arsenal stadium was not a place for faint hearts. Seven Arsenal players were included in the England side which is still a record and presumably since the game was not staged at Wembley the crowd must have been on their side?

My colleague Brian Glanville wrote in his *Soccer Round the Globe* that,"It was a game which is still remembered for its brutal play."

England won 3-2 eventually and the next clash came in May 1939 in Milan.

Tommy Lawton opened the scoring and Willie Hall ended it at 2-2 against an Italian side which though twice successful in the World Cup had still not managed to defeat England.

The war came and it was not until 1948 that they met again. This time it was in Turin in May and an England side captained by goalkeeper Frank Swift gave a memorable performance and though perhaps flattered by the final 4-0 margin of victory fully deserved their win against doughty opposition.

Goals from Stan Mortensen, Lawton and a couple from Tom Finney embellished with reward an attack which read Matthews, Mortensen, Lawton, Mannion and Finney and played up to its billing.

Again the return match was held in November of the following year. On this particular occasion the venue was Tottenham but in the intervening months a terrrible tragedy had struck the Italians.

An aeroplane carrying the champions Torino had crashed at Superga just outside the city killing the entire team, manager, trainer, coach and the reserve players. With eight of the current national side among the victims it was a mortal blow.

Yet the reconstructed national side gave a plucky performance at White Hart Lane and were only beaten 2-0 by an England side which had Ramsey playing at right-back.

Florence was the setting for match number six in May 1952 and the game ended 1-1. Ramsey was still there, Billy Wright continued as skipper and Ivor Broadis was the marksman for us.

But it was not for another seven years that the two countries' paths crossed again. Then Wembley was the headquarters and for the first time on English soil the Italians succeeded in avoiding defeat in a 2-2 draw. One of the England goals was scored by Bobby Charlton and Wright was on the brink of retirement after a long and illustrious career.

Two years later it was back in Italy and Rome. England came back from being 2-1 down to win 3-2 with Gerry Hitchens (2) and Jimmy Greaves both of whom tasted Italian football themselves garnishing the success.

Twelve years elapsed before there was another match. During the years that had passed, the game changed dramatically and never more so than in Italy which became the defensive mould from which others fashioned their own negativity.

But the Italians pre-empted the Carly Simon theme from the current 007 screening with 'Nobody Does It Better" remaining as true today as ever. Though if the Italians had a James Bond it would probably be renumbered 000. . . .

Celebrate

Anyway the match with England in Turin in June as the second to celebrate the 75th anniversary of the Italian F.A.'s foundation. Having already beaten Brazil the 1970 World Cup holders, the Italians proceeded to inflict a similar scoreline defeat on the 1966 winners of the world championship.

Ramsey was still at the helm but only a week before had seen his hopes of a return to the World Cup finals shaken by another 2-0 defeat against Poland in Chorzow.

When next the Italians came to Wembley in the following November, Ramsey was being pencilled out because only a month previously, Poland had held on to draw 1-1 and eliminate our hopes for a place in the final sixteen. Italy won at Wembley 1-0 late in the match.

Yet in the build-up to England's opening World Cup qualifying match against Finland in the summer of 1976 the Bicentennial Tournament offered an ideal tuning-up ceremony.

Italy were among the opponents in the U.S.A. and against a weakened England team designed by Don Revie not to show his full hand, it seemed that the Latins held all the aces when they led 2-0. But the England reserves came back strongly to win 3-2 as the Italians lost their tempers and their composure as well.

A year ago Revie went to Rome not completely naked but plunged into the arena well shielded but lacking the attacking weapons necessary. It was like the Christians being on first name terms with the Lions but in death the only comfort was to know who killed you.

Now while Revie dances Sheik to Sheik in the desert glad to be away from it all, Ron Greenwood has the task of finding a team which can not only beat the Italians but probably to the tune of four clear goals to keep us with any chance of getting to Argentina next year.

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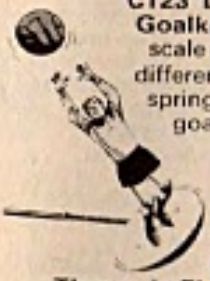

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'I want people to enjoy football'

DURING the early thirties, two young brothers, like thousands of others of their age, used to kick a ball around in the local park until nightfall practically every day. When they got home to their council house in Kingston-on-Thames, their Mum left a bucket of water outside the door for them so they could wash-off the mud and sweat of battle.

One of these ambitious lads is now the most powerful man in English football, he is none other than Ted Croker, F.A. Secretary. This is the kind of change of fortune story which has supplied raw material for countless T.V. serials. In those sagas, the successful tycoon is habitually unhappy in his tinselled world of empty affluence, his domestic life is full of unsolvable problems, and he yearns for the simplicity of his uncomplicated childhood.

But the real life hero, in this case Ted Croker, considers himself a lucky man because he loves his work, and regards his rise from an average £20 per week football pro. to the sumptuous office at Lancaster Gate as natural progression.

Croker joined the Air Force in 1942, and three years later, was involved in a plane crash, when he suffered the comparatively minor injury of a broken ankle. Six months in hospital followed, then some amateur football with Kingstonians. In '47 he signed a pro. contract with Charlton Athletic, and played alongside his brother Peter, in the defence of the South Londoners. But four years later, he had to go back into the R.A.F. as a full-time flying instructor at the time of the Korean war.

He finished his football career with giant-killing Cup side, Headington (now Oxford), in the Southern League.

Ted first worked for a petroleum company, then in 1960 started his own business in Cheltenham — one of the most pleasant little towns in England. He spent thirteen years in building-up a highly successful enterprise, when there was a possibility to take over the job as Secretary of the still most respected national Football Association in the world.

The tall, always impecably dressed, well-spoken, ex-pro. couldn't resist the challenge, and took over from the 'old school-tieish' Dennis Follows in Sept. 1973. Croke started-off like the proverbial house on fire, sweeping out the cobwebs, revitalizing the administration, establishing commercial links which are so necessary to carry out the expensive coaching schemes. Although he is always readily available to the Press, his voice has become more muted in recent times.

One has had the impression that the continuing story of the decline of our national team, the crowd disturbances, and the other pressing problems might have been too much for him to cope with — at least in public.

I, now, solemnly apologise for these private thoughts, because 53-years old Croker is a fighter, and has a strong, positive opinion concerning all aspects of the game. If we were looking for a "dictator" to put all the wrongs right, he wouldn't be a bad choice.

I visited him in the F.A. offices on the afternoon when the Manchester United appeal was heard by the UEFA — yet another bad day for the 'image' of football. Ted Croker is an excellent, passionate talker on the subject close to his heart, which is, of course, the game itself. After agreeing that during the summer we had reached an all-time low in the standing of football in the eyes of the beholder, he needed little prompting on the topics I wished to discuss.

On the managerial scandals (Revie, Docherty, the sacking of people like Willie Bell because of five defeats!)

"There is a general moral decline. Football needs a good shake-up on every level. Not just domestically, but internationally as well. It seems that it is far too easy to break contracts, disregard rules. The authorities also share this responsibility, because they let people get away with murder. We must penalize people very severely who step out of line. If a manager breaks a contract he shouldn't be allowed to work anywhere else.

"If someone makes an irresponsible statement he should be penalized. Unfortunately, there is too much coverage in the media — they expect to get value for money, so they practically con people into making outrageous statements. I loathe those ghosted articles, when a manager or a player sounds-off about other people in the game. Journalism should be left to the journalists. We ought to ban those public slanging matches — it has nothing to do with "freedom of speech".

On hooliganism.

"We have done what we can, but I believe that clubs should bear responsibility for their fans' behaviour. It is no good talking about "a problem only social changes could solve". It is football's dilemma, and one which could kill the game. If Manchester United didn't play St. Etienne, there wouldn't have been English louts in that French town — it is as simple as that. Moving a massive amount of people — the wrong kind of people — has inherent dangers.

"Take Highbury for instance. The Arsenal stadium was built about 45 years ago, and was eminently suitable for that period. But nowadays you cannot possibly crowd 50,000 people into that congested area with no parking facilities. I would like to see all-seater 30,000 capacity stadiums. The clubs would make more money and it would give respectable people a chance to enjoy, once again, going to a football match. *Keep the terrace fans, the morons, away!* You say that they are the supporters of the future.

"Okay, I am only talking about the First Division grounds — a lad could go and watch Orient or Hendon. It wouldn't do him any harm if he could only afford to see Arsenal twice a year — he would appreciate it more. I was 22-years old before I saw my first professional match! Drury Lane Theatre or the Covent Garden Opera do not 'price-down' their seats because of the need to give the kids a chance to see their productions. As it is, respectable boys only see football on T.V. because their parents are afraid of the violence. Should we surrender to these despicable morons? If any group of supporters cause trouble on the ground or on their way to the ground or at a service station etc., I would immediately punish the club by closing down their standing accommodation. Let them play in front of empty terraces! We must break this vicious circle, the game is far more important. *I would rather see even the biggest club go out of existence, than football ruined by mindless hooligans!*

"On the players".

"Footballers cannot be labelled "greedy" because they want to earn as

LESLIE VERNON talks to TED CROKER

Secretary of the Football Association

much as they can during a short career. Shilton was recently attacked because he wanted to collect a £5,000 loyalty bonus. At that time, Nottingham F. paid £270,000 for him — it would be difficult to explain to him that he is not entitled to a slice of that fee.

"A few weeks ago, we had a meeting here with people like Joe Mercer, Billy Wright and other much respected ex-internationals. They all agreed that the present-day footballer is not very different from his predecessors. Football itself is not dirtier — in fact the good behaviour of the Manchester United players speaks very highly of their integrity. What is absurd is that we try to sustain 92 League clubs with full-time pros. The wages structure is not good, because the very talented guys don't earn enough — the incentive is missing. I would go for a genuine Super League, and persuade the top players to work harder, improve their skills. As it is, they have too much free time".

"On defensive football".

"I can't understand why teams should keep four players in the back to mark two forwards. In my time, tactics were better, more positive. Scotland against Czechoslovakia played with four people in midfield, three up-front — that was a refreshing change, a pattern for others to copy".

"On refereeing".

"I have been a strong advocate of the introduction of professional referees. Mainly because I thought that we should achieve some kind of uniformity. Now for the first time we have engaged a full-time referees' instructor, Ken Ridden, who co-ordinates the training of refs. One day last week we had all our FIFA referees here, discussing various aspects of the game, asking them for consistency. Referees are geographically separated, they are out on their own, working in a "civilian" job, officiating etc. I still think there is room for pro. refs. and this reform must come".

'In my time tactics were better and more positive'

"On the Press".

"I have no quarrel with the vast majority of journalists, t.v. commentators. But there is a sensation-seeking element which disturbs me. A certain Sunday paper (Croker named it!) has printed downright lies concerning the availability of Keegan recently. When I asked for a retraction — they made another "story" out of it! This is criminal, and makes my blood boil!"

"On the World Cup".

"Brazil have a great many good players, and if the Argentinians with their talented side would concentrate on football, the South Americans could have a good opportunity to keep the trophy there. But I do not think that they will be able to live with the Europeans. The tournament itself cannot help being interesting, highly competitive."

"On himself".

"I do not regret leaving my comparatively quiet life in Cheltenham for this rewarding job. As long as I can keep my objectives, I am satisfied. What are they? To do my best to ensure that as many people as possible can get as much pleasure as possible out of football. It has given me tremendous joy as a player, a spectator, administrator. I want other people to enjoy it too! We have 37,000 clubs in this country affiliated to the F.A. — 2 million players! This is often overlooked by the media. They constantly talk about the parasites who make others suffer — policemen, shopkeepers, passers-by, genuine supporters. That's what makes me feel incensed and determined to keep them away from the grounds. *They want to kill the game – I won't let it happen!"*

Strong words. Strong, emotional, passionate words, which I have no doubt will be backed-up by deeds. I agree with Ted Croker, and hope fervently that he will be given the means, by the Government, in the form of harsh penalties, to carry out his crusade. Then the Day of the Football Jackals might soon be over . . .

WEMBLEY—ENGLAND'S UNHAPPY GROUND!

by JACK ROLLIN

REMEMBER Wembley Stadium? That was the ground upon which it was thought that England were aided as they succeeded in winning the World Cup in 1966. Though no other country before or since has played its entire programme in the final stages of the competition on one pitch. Yet England did so and benefited from the experience 11 years ago.

Now the poor old place is considered to be a jinx for the national team. The crowd apparently are prepared to pay increasing sums of money to watch England struggle against inferior opposition without attempting to either show patience when they fail to respond or get behind them with vocal support if they do.

Play the game at either Anfield or Old Trafford and the response would be such that victory would be assured. Judging by the performance of the Liverpool players at Old Trafford recently, it would be better to naturalise the Manchester United players rather than risk playing on that particular arena.

Not since the 1930s has either venue been used for full international matches, though that is not to say of course that provincial cities have not figured on the England calendar since then. Even at Goodison Park in pre-World Cup 1966, the Poles drew 1-1!

Opposition

However there is no way that Wembley is not going to figure in the forseeable future, so the quicker the England players realise the situation and buckle down to the task the better for all concerned.

Even in the days of Sir Alf's regime, England always appeared in post-World Cup success as being happier playing away from home purely because they preferred the opposition to come at them. So why not treat Wembley as an away fixture and adjust the tactics accordingly?

Since 1966 there have been a succession of teams coming to Wembley and either getting a draw or even winning. Leaving out the achievements of Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland all of whom have been successful in this period at the Empire Stadium, the foreign contingent have had their moments, too.

Within a few months of England's World Cup triumph the Czechs arrived trying to cash in on the attempt to become the first country to embarrass the world champions. They managed to get away with a goalless draw. That was in November 1966 and thirteen months later on a cold, snowy evening in December the Russians arrived without snow on their boots, though they had it on them when they left. But not before drawing 2-2.

A year later Bulgaria came as a further Eastern European contingent and left with a 1-1 draw. A month later fellow Communist nation Rumania emulated their feat exactly.

Twelve months on and in January 1970 it was the Dutch side who took a goalless draw at Wembley. November 1971 witnessed yet another division of the spoils with the Swiss this time overjoyed at getting away without defeat, though they, too, deserved the result.

However it was a vastly different story when the Germans came in April 1972 in the European Championship competition and won 3-1. Six months later Yugoslavia drew 1-1.

Twelve months on from there and Poland escaped defeat and their 1-1 draw was enough to knock us out of the World Cup. A month later and Italy succeeded in winning 1-0.

In a November 1974 European Championship encounter Portugal managed to prevent us from scoring and drew 0-0. September 1976 saw the Republic of Ireland merit a 1-1 result, too. Then Holland succeeded in winning 2-0 on a visit in February 1977.

More recently in September, of course, it was the Swiss who returned and again embarrassed England in yet another 0-0 result.

Thus since West Germany were beaten 4-2 in July 1966 in the World Cup Final there have been 14 occasions when foreign sides have come here and avoided defeat. Indeed three of them have won.

This trio, West Germany, Holland and Italy have been probably the most consistent of continental sides in recent years which might or might not be a significant point to make.

Much nonsense has been talked about the Germans using a nucleus of players from clubs like Bayern Munich and Borussia Moenchengladbach, the Dutch utilising the Ajax stars of a few years ago and the Italians of picking most of the Juventus side.

Only one one or two isolated occasions have these countries used players from these clubs at the expense of a better player from another side. It has simply been that the best players have actually come from the teams in question anyway.

Unfortunately we have been seen to copy this idea without the necessary logic behind it. Presumably the only fact which prevented us from falling into the same trap as the Russians when they used the Dynamo Kiev side as the national team is that we find it almost impossible to discover one First Division outfit which has no Scots, Welshmen or Irishmen in it.

Our efforts in competitive football at international level since 1966 have been far from impressive, with the possible exception of the 1968 European Championship which saw us take third place. Then the magic of the World Cup had perhaps not entirely been erased.

Without having to qualify for the 1970 World Cup series we blew it tactically against the Germans, were deservedly beaten by them two years later in the European Championship, eliminated as mentioned by the Poles in the 1974 World Cup and got the worst of a tortoise and hare situation with the Czechs in the last European confrontation.

Now we are down to the slide-rule in an effort to keep alive our World Cup hopes, this despite the fact that before the qualifying competition started it was a widely-held conception that our greater scoring power against the minnows from Finland and Luxembourg would tip the scales firmly in our favour.

Perhaps this has been another theory that must go back to the drawing board.

by BRIAN GLANVILLE

GULF OF OPINION DIVIDES

BETTER, as we know and Mr. T. S. Eliot made clear to us, to go out with a bang than with a whimper. So I hope that in what is all too likely to be no more than an academic match, England on November 16 will go out to attack Italy, beat them soundly by attacking them and, even if they do not go to Argentina, as they surely won't, leave us all with a message of hope rather than with a deep feeling of disillusion.

That, certainly, was the feeling we had after that dreadful performance against Switzerland, when not until the Swiss died of exhaustion did England's plodding, pedestrian, Liverpool based side really come to call the tune.

What still puzzles me is the great gulf which still seems to stretch between the Experts and the mere Chronickers, such as myself. It was rather beautifully shown after the Queens Park Rangers v Manchester City match, in September. The most dazzling event of the afternoon was a wonderful run by the blond young City winger, Peter Barnes, son of their old half-back and present chief scout, Ken. Inside and outside Webb and Gillard he weaved and spurted down the right wing, beating a third man for good measure, and finishing with a shot which Phil Parkes was only too glad to parry at the near post.

Afterwards, his manager, Tony Book, replied loftily to a questioning journalist that, far from being impressed, he deplored the fact that Barnes should have shot from so difficult an angle. Well, if that is Professionalism, for Heavens' sake let us bring back the amateur. A colleague on the *News of the World* pointed out to me, with amused satisfaction, that the television that same night — which I did not watch — made it perfectly clear that Barnes had no alternative but to shoot, every one of the City forwards having been picked up in the goalmouth.

Satisfied

By the same token, much though I respect Ron Greenwood and his views, I could not understand how he could possibly be so satisfied with Ian Callaghan's performance against Switzerland. Callaghan, he felt, had done everything that was required of him, had bound the midfield together, had done better still after half-time when he closed down on Botteron.

I don't want to take anything away from Ian Callaghan; from his decency, his loyalty, his longevity. Yet at Wembley, he seemed to me prosaic and predictable, reluctant, having given a ball — and it was never an inspired one — to move into position for a return. By comparison with Trevor Brooking, Greenwood's own protégé; who was unavailable that night, Callaghan is a mere journeyman.

Even when it is at the strength of four, with Jimmy Case and his hammer of a shot included, the Liverpool midfield lacks perception and originality. Greenwood's quest was presumably immediate results; understandable enough in the circumstances, though he hardly chose the ideal way to get them.

Not having achieved immediate results, there is no excuse for persisting with the Liverpool block at all, all the less so when, as I have said before, Ray Wilkins has emerged in South America as one of the most promising and talented English inside-forwards for many years. Gerry Francis is so sadly prone to injury that it is difficult to take him into consideration. Were he fit, I should certainly have him in the team.

Kevin Keegan is by no means the only footballer who would like the fixture to have been moved from Wembley, but there can be none more vehement about it. He told me with considerable force that he believes that playing at Wembley is if anything a positive disadvantage, to the extent that it is an advantage to the visiting team. This, because Wembley, with its dog track, is a stadium without the immediacy, the breathing-down-your-neck atmosphere, of the customary English League ground.

To move the match to Anfield or Old Trafford would have made abundant good sense. After all, the Poles often move their vital games from Warsaw to Katowice, where the crowd is so much more passionate, while the Czechs are wanting to play their more demanding fixtures not in once sophisticated Prague but in more down to earth and provincial Bratislava.

The trouble is that the Football Association have painted themselves into a corner over Wembley. There is no way whatsoever of playing their home fixtures anywhere else, so long as the current contract with Wembley runs. Wembley's argument has been that it must be all or nothing, given the money they have spent on the stadium to make it fit for football; floodlights and the rest. The argument may have substance, but it took a serious jolt when horses were allowed to prance around the pitch and reduce it, shortly before a number of major matches were due, to the consistency of a cow pasture.

My own view is that monopoly is always a bad thing, in almost any field of endeavour, and that we should go back to the days when Wembley had, as of right, the Cup Final, England v. Scotland, and certain of the more attractive midweek internationals against foreign clubs. Other games should be spread around the League grounds.

One argument seems to me, however obvious, quite irrefutable. The England team, by definition, belongs not to London but to the whole of England. Wembley, it is true, has much the greatest capacity of all English stadia — though this looks likely to be greatly reduced now that the Safety of Sports Grounds Bill is being implemented — but there is many a game which does not remotely attract a crowd of full capacity.

Another point to be considered is that to spread international matches around England would also spread income. Thus, the massive new two and a half million pound stand at Chelsea is much more modern than anything Wembley possesses; and Chelsea badly need the income.

They are not the only club to have spent huge amounts of money on new accommodation; others in turn might be encouraged to do so, were they only sure of having the occasional England game to bring them revenue. In my own time, as fan and journalist, I remember England matches being played at Arsenal, Chelsea, Spurs, Villa, Liverpool, Everton, Main Road, Molineux (I am including the war years.) And does not Sheffield Wednesday, with its splendid stadium, deserve an international match or two, far more than it did when, in the 1920s, it was customary to play them there?

A word or two on the Italian team. It has still, as its team manager, the shrewd and honest Enzo Bearzot, would be the first to admit, a long way to go before it becomes exceptional. What it does have is experienced, close marking, sometimes ruthless defenders who — unless they are suddenly upset with a burst of goals as they were against England in New York — make life awfully difficult for the opposition. Giacinto Facchetti may be a veteran sweeper now, but it will require the brio of that New York performance to show up his undoubted deficiencies. In Rome, a year ago, he was allowed to stroll through the game.

The Italian midfield is no better than modest. Manlio Scopigno, the old Cagliari manager known as The Philosopher, was recently lamenting as much, and wishing that the tireless Francesco Rocca of Roma was fit to play in it — instead of being out for months after a severe knee injury.

But the attack is potentially very good indeed, with Bettega and Graziani so good in the air, so dangerous on the ground, Franco Causio so difficult to mark; unless you mark him infinitely tighter and tougher than the hapless Mills did in Rome. A difficult game to win; and even if England win, the victory may be meaningless. To make it, in the wider sense, truly count, it must be achieved with style. I think it can still be done, but not if Greenwood continues to "think Liverpool."

Hooliganism: UEFA MUST LEAD

UEFA's hastily retracted decision to kick Manchester United out of the Cup-Winners' Cup provoked a mass of crossed lines as players, directors and fans put their own side of the case.

Of the facts there is little doubt. There was extreme trouble between the fans of Saint-Etienne and United in the first round first leg of the Cup-winners' Cup tie at the Stade Geoffroy-Guichard.

Whether it was the French who started it by humorously hurling bread rolls at English fans from a country hit by a bread strike; whether it blew up because the fans had not been segregated; whether the riot police were too heavy-handed in wading in as they did — none of that was the basic point.

In an ideal soccer world people ought to be able to attend a match without being in fear of unsolicited violence. For United to protest that their fans were given too much freedom of expression was to beg the issue. If their flashpoint was so incredibly, horrifyingly low, then action — punitive action — was bound to follow.

And a £7,500 fine plus the order to play the second leg at least 125 miles from Manchester can hardly be considered much of a deterrent.

UEFA make clubs responsible for their fans — an attitude the British clubs detest. Understandably. The fear that one day this responsibility may involve them in a string of civil court cases from members of the public aggrieved at damage to property and prepared to name the club as the root cause of the trouble.

That legal test has yet to come. But it will, sooner or later. And the odds are that Manchester United, sadly, will be the club involved.

Their fans have already left their mark across England, and in few places so clearly as Derby.

Colombo Street in Derby is an odd place to be when you walk down there for the first time, towards the Baseball Ground. I made a trip there last season and, at first, didn't notice much change. The same grimy houses, in rows of red-brick terraces. The same slate roofings. The same number of police scattered about in twos and threes. A few programme sellers.

And something else. Something different.

It took a moment to register — but suddenly I realised that all the windows in that long winding street were boarded up. My first thought was to suppose that the homes were derelict; that the families had been moved out into clean, characterless, high-rise blocks.

Then I looked again. And this time I noticed small bolts on each board, sunk into the masonry. And at last I realised the significance of the boarded-up windows. Streets and streets of hardboard, chipboard, planking . . . but no windows.

The drill is the same every other Saturday at Derby near the Baseball Ground. First thing in the morning people come out, lift the boards to the window frames outside, bolt them in, and then get the family and go away for the day.

Perhaps they'll go shopping, or for a drive in thr car, or visit relatives — anything to get away from the fearful purgatory of a rampaging soccer crowd. Derby is not alone in its distaste for the followers of the sport which has brought this dour Midland town almost its only fame. Elsewhere throughout England, similar precautions are taken.

And, wherever Manchester United may be due to play that day, the local police are cancelling leave, drawing in reinforcements from other divisions, called briefing sessions, drawing up their plans as if for a pitched battle, not a soccer match.

For United, one of the greatest names in soccer, are also the most reviled name when it come down to fans.

The British disease — that's what they call hooliganism on the continent of Europe. There the police, far less restricted in the ways they keep the peace so long as they keep it, stand on no ceremony as they repluse the British rowdies with the purpose and speed which the English authorities in turn use in the battle to keep rabies out of the UK.

It's not a bad comparison; for the maddening, unpredictable savagery which rabies can produce in a dog is matched by the mindless thuggery of a section of the United fans.

Don't you believe it? You don't believe that in a peaceful society which has left the last war 32 years behind, which has abolished the death penalty and national service conscription, which doesn't entertain the idea of any sort of return to capital or corporal punishment, that out and out mob violence can rule the streets wherever Manchester United go?

Take the FA Cup ties at Southampton last season. The hooligan rampage was sketched out a few days later in Parliament by an MP.

"Sordid and shameful," were the words with which he described the events as he told of physical assault, rape, scores of broken windows, smashed cars and local tradesmen's estimates that people staying away or going shopping elsewhere has cost them £200,000 in lost business.

A few weeks before, at Tottenham, some 45 fans had been arrested when United came to town. A couple of weeks after there was even more trouble as United went to Norwich for a league match.

This, in fact, turned out to be the flashpoint which finally brought government action to bear on the frightening situation.

People had been terrorised for too long. More and more were staying away from games because they didn't wish to run the risk of taking children and wives and girlfriends to run the gauntlet of the unruly mayhem on the terraces.

But Norwich was a new departure, even for the United followers.

The difficulty of planning a containment operation, as far as the police are concerned, is that United — unlike any other club, even Liverpool — draw a large amount of regular support from all over England.

Coach parties travel from London, the Midlands, the North-east and — naturally enough — the North-west. Many arrive drunk and looking for trouble. Chaos started early at Norwich; on Friday evening before the match a United fan nearly died after a stabbing incident.

Some 20 people were arrested and 38 treated in hospital, including one fan who had climbed onto the roof of the stand, ripped off the corrugated iron and dropped it on the fans below! Appropriately, he overbalanced and fell through the hole he had created. But, remarkably unhurt after the 40-foot drop onto the terracing, he was being helped away by ambulancemen when a group of hitherto well-behaved fans who had watched the battle in horror and disbelief, set about him.

Football Association officials and police chiefs were immediately summoned for talks by Denis Howell, the Minister for Sport, and himself a former top-class referee.

The outcome was an announcement in Parliament that United's away games in 1977-78 would be "all-ticket reserved,"

Trouble at St. Etienne when Manchester United fans clashed with police.

with no standing tickets to be sold to United fans. In addition, a Bill was to be created to increase penalties for hooliganism.

That hardly lasted long. It was a stopgap move. A few months later, when the storm had died down, the main prohibitive measures were lifted and it was left to individual clubs — such as Coventry and Derby — to impose their own bans by controlled the allocation of tickets which went to United.

But whatever action there was, it didn't answer any of the question. Why had this escalated in the past few years? Who are the hooligans? What can be done? Should soccer be doing more?

There have been fights as far back as anyone can remember in Glasgow, for instance, at the Rangers-Celtic clashed. But the reasons are simple: religious differences, the long-standing antipathy of the two sets of supporters and the clubs' jealous position as joint kings of Scottish soccer.

Elsewhere in Britain hooliganism was unheard of. Then, in the early sixties, crowd-power made itself felt for the first time as Tottenham's fans discovered that in European ties they could intimidate the visiting players into stupid mistakes by sheer volume of noise.

Gornick of Poland conceded eight goals in the White Hart Lane cauldron. This was something new and it developed at other grounds — with lasting effect at Liverpool, where the famous Kop helped lift the players to the Champions' Cup.

At Tottenham first, now at Liverpool, the enthusiasm of the crowd had been admirable. Their sportsmanship too. But . . . by 1969 there were ominous warnings of what was to come from Manchester United's own European adventure.

In 1968 Mat Busby's team fulfilled the dream which had, ten years before, been temporarily interrupted by the nightmare of the Munich air disaster. In 1969, now as holders of the Champions' Cup, they went as far as the semi-finals and lost a first leg 2-0 away to AC Milan. In the return at Old Trafford, United did all the attacking. Shots were kicked off the line and then, after one scramble in the Milan goalmouth, the giant Italian goalkeeper, Fabio Cudicini, was seen lying prone in the six-yard box.

Near him, as the angry Milan defenders soon discovered, lay a stone.

United went on to win the game 1-0 but go out of the Champions' Cup and undertake an order to fence in the notorious Stretford End. Soon they were started on the long slide which took the club down to the second division and their fans into total disrepute.

In 1973-74 there was a crowd invasion as United went down to neighbours Manchester City — a defeat which condemned United to relegation. Now the excesses of the red hordes had become too much, and the FA and League ordered that in 1974-75 United's away games should be all-ticket. The trouble subsided as United roared back into the first division.

So the brakes came off — and now we're back where we started. Only the problem in becoming greater.

Why United? That is a question which has bothered so many people. The answer lays perhaps in the tangled wreckage of the Elizabethan airliner which crashed at Munich, killing eight players including captain Roger Byrne, the great young left-half Duncan Edwards, and centre forward Tommy Taylor. That tragedy turned United from a club admired far and wide, into a cult.

And the pride and fierce determination to rebuild which raised United from the graves of 1958, communicated itself to the fans, then boiled over into the more sinister aspects of blind partisan fury in which sportsmanship disappered and it was no longer enough for the players to defend United's great reputation; the younger fans had to join in too, with bicycle chains, stones and razor blades.

So who are the hooligans? In the main they're youngsters from working-class backgrounds. They're the kids who are out of work, either victims of the present depression, or simply because they didn't have the intelligence to pass the relevant exams and gain the necessary qualifications; or else they're in boring, dead-end jobs, such as delivery drivers, or cleaners, or errand boys.

The chance of being part of an internationally-renowned organisation, providing them with some kind of identity, some sort of excitement, clearly acts like a magnet. And the fact that so many, so young, are allowed to rampage the streets points one finger of guilt at a breakdown in family life when parents either have no control, or don't care, about what their offsprings are up to.

Many of them regard the "aggro" as they call it, the trouble as a way of life. The football doesn't concern them that much. When they go to an away match, their talk is not of opposing players but the rival fans — and the chances of fights and scuffles. The soccer serves as an excuse, and the huge crowds serve more often than not as cover for these nefarious activities.

As a police spokesman put it: "Police officers could make hundreds of arrests if they went into the crowds more. But every policeman going into the mob is a policeman out of the cordon trying to protect property in the streets. And sometimes I think that the very presence of police helps to inflame the hooligans."

The individual police officers used to volunteer for soccer match duty as overtime. All it meant was a patrol round the ground before the kick-off, then a chance to watch the game free from the touchline. Volunteering is still the case in many towns. But when United are the visitors, no-one volunteers: every officer is *ordered* into duty.

The police are annoyed by several factors — one being the comparative leniency on hooligans until recently from magistrates. Another was the lack of government action. Another, the lack of concern shown by the soccer authorities. Periodically, a soccer official will make a call for the birch to be restored, for corporal punishment to be reintroduced. But beyond that, little has been suggested.

New legislation to make grounds safer after the Ibrox disaster a couple of years ago, will help a bit. Clubs will have to install more seats, more fences, more barriers, which will help split up the fans. But soccer has been slow giving a lead.

Docherty, until his dismissal by United, refused bravely to pull his punches. He said: "We have the biggest bunch of hooligans in soccer following us, and they are going to wreck this club. They are making the players frightened of what they will do. We are trying to curb this sort of behaviour, but it's not just up to us."

It seems to me that UEFA acted unwisely in making such a speedy first judgment on United. They should have waited for the tie to be concluded and then gathered in all the evidence before reaching their verdict.

But United, as I see it, are extremely fortunate to have been given a second chance. Their record did not earn it. Nor do I find the pleas to "be fair to the players" holding much water. The players of Mancester United aren't doing so badly, thank you very much.

What did stun me was to see British Minister of Sport, Denis Howell, joining in backing United's appeal. How can he appeal for measures to stamp out hooliganism on one hand, and condone it on the other?

It's sad that there must be yet more mayhem before UEFA see sense and lead the way, as is their responsibility, in the battle against the hooligan.

What's in a name?

AS Shakespeare didn't quite put it, "What's in a number?". The answer to that, in soccer terms, is a great deal of confusion. All of it completely unnecessary.

Why do we have to go on using a system of numbering players that corresponds to precisely nothing any more? There might have been an argument in favour of the present system back in the '30s, when you could read neatly, from right to left, across the full back line, the half back line, and the forward line.

Might have been I say — for even that slender justification is suspect. After all, how many of us have actually seen a team play with only two full backs (numbers 2 and 3, of course)? No, in the '30s we were used to the stopper, and the three full back line should have been numbered 2, 3, 4; instead it was 2, 5, 3 — and from that point on the whole numbering system was out of joint.

The Hungarians arrived in the 1950s to give some order to this mess, with the three full backs properly numbered, but no-one, least of all in England, took any notice.

The result is that, getting on for 50 years after the arrival of the stopper, we are still using a system of numbering that is based on a player formation that is hopelessly out of date. However, it is not my intention to labour that point. I do not want to suggest that what we must do is to adjust the numbering system so that it corresponds to more modern formations. After all, which system would one choose — 4-3-3 or 4-4-2 or 4-2-4 or what?

No — what I want to propose is that whole idea of numbering according to playing systems be, at long last, completely abandoned. It serves no purpose at all any more — unless it be to spread chaos. A case in point: at the great Pele farewell production, we were given, in the press box, a list of all the Santos players, complete with numbers. This list said that Ailton Lira (a player I particularly wanted to look at) would be wearing No. 10.

Switched

Yet when Santos took the field, there was no No. 10 playing; there *was* a player who looked suspiciously like Ailton Lira, but he was wearing No. 13. And so it turned out. The numbers — for no reason that I was able to discover — had simply been switched at the last moment. The same applied to the substitutes list; on to the field in the second half came No. 18 — Clodoaldo according to the press handout (which, let it be stressed, had been confirmed with the Santos dressing room). It was obviously not Clodoaldo; we discovered eventually that it was Juary.

The problem of never being certain which number a player is wearing is, perhaps, heightened here in the United States where we are for ever seeing new teams, new faces — even in the NASL itself, where the composition of a team is likely to change drastically from season to season. If you don't happen to know what a player looks like, you have no certain way of identifying him.

Anyway — the use of numbers such as I have just given, 13 and 18, already destroys the idea that such numbers are supposed to represent a position. If No. 9 is a centre-forward, and No. 7 must be a right wing, exactly what position is No. 18 playing? Or for that matter, the No. 12 seen every week on English grounds?

So let us have done with this mess. From now on, let every club assign each one of its first team players a number, and let the player *always* wear that number. This is the system that is used in all the American sports, and the one that is used in the North American Soccer League. It works perfectly, I can assure you. With this method, identification of players — of any team — is immediate and infallible, for both journalists and public alike.

Incidentally, it means that players do not have to swap shirts from game to game (I have never quite worked out what happens if a 38-chest is playing No. 6 one week, and a 44-chest the next, and besides it seems somewhat unhygienic to be wearing other people's shirts). And it means that players become associated with their numbers, something that in this commercial age is of

World Cup round-up

HOLLAND increased their chances of returning to the Finals when they beat Northern Ireland 1-0 in Belfast thanks to a 77th-minute goal from Willy Van der Kerkhof. But for most of the time the Dutch, without the injured Jan van Beveren, Johan Neeskens and Rob Rensenbrink, were cautiously dull.

Johan Cruyff, playing despite an ankle injury, made little impact and had hobbled off by the time the winner came for a Holland who recalled Jan Jongbloed and Wim Van Hanegem.

Northern Ireland did more of the attacking, but with no real hope. After all, they'd beaten a much depleted Iceland only 2-0 a few weeks before — with goals from Chris McGrath and Sammy McIlroy.

N. Ireland: Jennings — Rice, Hunter, J. Nicholl, Nelson — O'Neill, McCreery, McIlroy — McGrath, Anderson, Best.

Iceland: Gisason — Halldorsson, Gudlaugsson, Gunnlaughsson, Geirsson — J. Edvaldsson, Leifsson, A. Edvaldsson, Hallgrimsson — Eliasson, Sveinsson.

N. Ireland: Unchanged.

Holland: Jongbloed — Suurbier, Rijsbergen, Krol, Hovenkamp — W. Van der Kerkhof, Jansen, Van Hanegem — Rep, Cruyff, R. Van der Kerkhof.

BULGARIA'S 0-0 draw in Dublin with the Republic of Ireland left everything resting on their visit to Paris. A pitch invasion two minutes from time by hundreds of disappointed Irish fans was virtually the liveliest incident of the match.

Eire, through Don Givens and Frank Stapleton, missed chances in a game which saw O'Leary and Givens, Vassilev and Kostov booked. But there was never any threat of a repeat of the four expulsions when the teams met in Sofia earlier.

Rep. Ireland: Peyton — Mulligan, O'Leary, Lawrenson, Holmes — Daly, Giles, Brady — Stapleton, Heighway.

Bulgaria: Staikov — Vassilev, Angelov, Ivkov, Arabov — Bonev, Kolev, Kostov, Panov — Dvevizov, Tzvetkov.

PORTUGAL'S 4-2 away win over Denmark in Copenhagen left the Portuguese still doubting their ability to win in Poland, and so pip the 1974 third-place team from qualification.

A 23,000 crowd saw goals from Jordao, Nene, Fernandez and Octavio for the winners, Roentved and Kristensen for the Danes. Roentved also missed a disputed penalty in the 78th minute. Portugal led 2-1 at half-time.

Denmark: Poulsen — J. Hansen, Jensen, Roentved, Mortensen — H. Hansen, Tune, Nygaard — Fleming Lund, T. Andersen, Kristensen.

Portugal: Renato — Gabriel, Humberto, Murca, Laranjeira — Toni, Chalana (Rodolfo), Octavio, Alves — Nene (Fernandez), Jordao.

IN the AFRICAN SECTION play-offs Nigeria made a sound start, drawing 0-0 away to Tunisia, and beating Egypt 4-0 at home. But in the ASIA/OCEANIA round Australia's hopes of reaching the Finals for the second successive time suffered another major setback when they lost 2-1 at home to Mario Zagalo's impressive young Kuwait side. Kuwait's home match with Iran, which could decide the group, is on December 3.

In the CONCACAF play-offs in Mexico, the hosts established themselves as early favourites, thanks to victory in their first three games and Canada's surprising defeat by 2-1 to El Salvador.

Mexico's hero was 20-year-old striker Victor Rangel. He came on as a second-half substitute in the opening game against 1974 Finalists Haiti and hit a hat-trick to lift Mexico to a 4-1 win, then he scored twice more in the 3-1 win over El Salvador.

Haiti recovered to beat Guatemala 2-1 and El Salvador 1-0, and the Canadians beat Surinam and Guatemala each 2-1. But Mexico, vociferously backed by their own fans, emphasised their strength by thrashing Surinam 8-1.

PAUL GARDNER reports from New York

Pele . . . before his "farewell" match in New York. Pictured to the left of Pele are Franz Beckenbauer, Carlos Alberto and Mohammud Ali. Picture by Peter Robinson.

considerable help to the marketing people. A Pele shirt, is a No. 10 shirt. A Beckenbauer shirt is a number 6 shirt.

There is also a tradition in American sports of "retiring a number" when a great player leaves the game. You will never, for instance, see a New York Yankee baseball player wearing the number 3 . . . because that was the number that the immortal Babe Ruth wore. It was permanently retired the day that Ruth left the game. Similarly, the Cosmos have now retired the number 10.

However, those are nice touches, but minor matters to the main argument — which is simply that the numbering of players should be a help to spectators, not a source of confusion.

There will be those, naturally, who say that the old system has been good enough for so many years, and so on, and what the hell does soccer want with American ideas anyway? To which I must answer that some American ideas are very good ones — and that anyway, the system that I am advocating is already in use in soccer, stipulated by none other than FIFA itself for every world cup squad.

Numbered

Come Argentina 1978 and we shall see that all the 16 countries have their squads numbered 1 to 22 (which means that someone, poor soul, has to get No. 13), and that once a player has been allocated a number he must wear that number, and that number only throughout the tournament.

Actually, for the past two seasons in the North American Soccer League we have even had the referees and the linesmen wearing their own numbers, so that they too are identifiable from a list published in the league's press guide.

However, if I can get everyone to agree with me that one-player-one-number is the way things should be done in soccer, I shall still not be satisfied. For there is another nuisance that revolves around soccer numbers: they are not nearly visible enough.

How may times has this happened to you: you see a player do something notable, you're not sure who he is — but as he has his face or his side to you, you can't see his number. You follow his as he moves about the field, and still all you see is a side view. No number — and in the meantime you are missing the game action.

Again, soccer can take a lead from the other American sports — especially in this case, grid-football. There they have the ideal state of affairs, all sorts of surfaces on which numbers can be worn, from the helmets to those enormous shoulder pads. These players, then, have numbers — *large* and readable numbers — on their backs, and their chests, and on each sleeve. They are identifiable from virtually any angle.

Soccer has moved, grudgingly, towards this ideal. But it is all so haphazard. There are some numbers on shorts, but on only one side. Some teams have numbers, microscopic ones, on sock tabs. And very few have numbers on shirt fronts (Flamengo of Brazil, I am delighted to notice, has lately adopted this practice).

I suppose FIFA could make a start by extending their World Cup system to all international matches, and adding the requirements for numbers on front and sides. But surely it is in the interests of the various domestic leagues to institute these measures as a service to the paying spectators? To say nothing of the help they would give to us poor journalists.

Austria gain two points...

AUSTRIA improved their chances of joining Scotland in the last 16 when they drew 1-1 home and away with East Germany — 1974 Finalists who definitely won't be appearing in Argentina.

But the Vienna match was marred by controversy over what would have been Austria's winner, a 'goal' by Hans Krankl disallowed by Welsh referee, Tom Reynolds.

Austria were by far the better team, going ahead through Feyenoord's Willy Kreuz, in the ninth minute. The East German equaliser was a silly goal for them. Goalkeeper Friedl Koncilia took a step too many with the ball, and from the touched free kick, Martin Hoffman slammed the East Germans level.

It was four minutes from time that Krankl headed past Croy, only to see Reynolds refuse the goal because another Austrian had been offside, though not directly interfering with play. In the skirmish that followed Reynolds also sent off Krankl for protesting too vehemently — though the Austrians later protested that he hadn't even got that right: that the man who should have been punished was sweeper Eduard Krieger!

Austria: Koncilia — Sara, Krieger, Breitenberger, Pezzey — Hattenberger, Sturing, Hickersberger — Jara, Krankl, Kreuz.

E. Germany: Croy — Kische, Dörner, Weise, Weber — Schade, Häfner, Lindemann — Heidler, Kotte, Hoffmann.

Before 95,000 in Leipzig the Austrians showed little of the spirit of Vienna, and underwent heavy pressure before surprisingly going ahead two minutes before half-time.

Stuttgart's Roland Hattenberger took a pass from Bruno Pezzey, and outpaced three defenders before cutting in from the left, going round Croy, and scoring easily. Wolfram Löwe hit the equaliser from Hartmut Schade's pass six minutes after the break and the East Germans had their chances to win — with Reinhard Häfner (twice), and Hans-Jürgen Riediger all too nervy in front of goal.

Austrian manager Helmut Snek Senekowitsch wasn't going to be drawn into premature celebrations after the game.

"Turkey still have three games to play, so they're still in with a chance of going to Argentina," he said. "We're slight favourites, I admit that, but there's a long way to go yet."

East Germany: Löwe for Heidler; Rieder sub for Kotte, Spanwasser sub for Hoffmann.

Austria: Pronaska (sub Obermayer) for Krankl.

PELE in action for the Cosmos

The occasion is the 1977 Soccer Bowl Final between Cosmos and Seattle Sounders at the Civic Stadium in Portland. And for Pele it is almost the end of his short but incredible reign with Cosmos. WORLD SOCCER photographer Peter Robinson was there and this picture sequence shows a typical Pele run, brought to an abrupt halt by a tackle from Mike England (ex-Wales and Spurs).

Pictures by **PETER ROBINSON**

Libertadores Cup...Libertadores Cup

● This was the second final for both clubs. Cruzeiro had won the Cup for the first time in their first final last year against River Plate (Agentina), While Boca Juniors had previously played in the final in 1963, losing to Santos (Brazil). Boca have played in the Cup five times, Cruzeiro four times.

● PREVIOUS WINNERS: 1960 and 1961: Peñarol (Uruguay); 1962 and 1963: Santos (Brazil); 1964 and 1965: Independiente (Argentina); 1966 Peñarol (Uruguay); 1967: Racing (Argentina); 1968, 69 and 70: Estudiantes de La Plata (Argentina); 1971: Nacional (Uruguay); 1972, 3, 4 and 5: Independiente (Argentina); 1976: Cruzeiro (Brazil).

● CRUZEIRO have protested to the South American Football Confederation (CSF(that Boca Juniors included forward Dario Felman who had already been signed by Valencia (Spain). The fact is Felman was signed to beat the transfer deadline in Spain, but neither Boca Juniors nor the Argentine FA registered his transfer (a year's loan), although arrangements, including transfer fee, have been settled. A curious case, but Cruzeiro's protest is not likely to prosper.

Even more curious however is the protest to the CSF made by Paraguay's Olimpia against Paraguayan champions Libertad for including players not properly registered under Cup rules in preliminary matches against Argentina, Colombian and Chilean clubs ... which looks like a case of internal strife and jealousy. It is likely to be conveniently forgotten by the CSF ... otherwise such a claim at this time, if proved correct, could invalidate the whole competition.

Boca Juniors—winners again

by ERIC WEIL

ARGENTINE champions Boca Juniors won the Libertadores Cup for the first time this year in an unsatisfactory post match penalty series against holders Cruzeiro of Brazil after extra time in their third meeting on neutral ground had failed to produce a goal . . . but they were perhaps just the better team and the penalty series would not have been necessary if they had taken their chances earlier.

Each team had won its home leg of the final 1-0 and the play off at Montevideo had produced no goals agfter 30 minutes of extra time. Then Boca took the trophy 5-4 on penalties.

Two goals in 300 minutes play of often uninteresting soccer set the seal on the 1977 tournament which showed a continued downward trend of standards as unfancied teams such as Portuguesa (Venezuela), Deportivo Cali (Colombia) and Libertad (Paraguay) reached the semi-finals not because of their improvement, but rather due to the decline of teams such as Uruguayan Peñarol and Nacional and other Brazilian clubs. The competition had its usual share of incidents, but mainly off the field this time, such as claims for points against Brazil's Internacional and the psychological warfare between Boca and Cali (all mentioned in previous issues of WORLD SOCCER).

The first leg at Boca's stadium set a new gate receipts record for Argentine soccer and put Cruzeiro out of their stride when Veglio scored for the home team after only three minutes play following good play with continually dangerous wingers Mastrangelo and Felman. And 10 minutes later Boca incredibly failed to go further ahead when Pavon, Veglio and Mastrangelo all missed the ball in front of an open goal.

Boca cleverly looked for an open space and rotated well while their defence of Pernia, Sa, Mouzo ans Tarantini which went through 13 Cup games this season virtually unchanged (only letting in three goals), held the wily Brazilian forwards well. This did not change when Sa had to go off injured in the second half (to be replaced by Tesare), but by then play had slowed down considerably. Cruzeiro evened up the game but the Argentine team still dominated play, firstly by slowing down the Brazilian team's rythm and secondly with dangerous counter-attacks well led by Felman who emphasized in one of his last games for Boca what the club were losing in loaning him to Spanish club Valencia.

But if Boca had hit the somewhat unsteady Cruzeiro defence harder by more sustained pressure, they would probably have scored more to make the game safe long before the end.

It looked as if Boca would pull it off in the second leg at Belo Horizonte when Nelinho's spectacular free kick 14 minutes before time postponed their hopes. Cruzeiro dominated territorially during the whole game and had a goal scored by Neca anulled for a dubious offside in the first half. Boca defended most of the time to get the point they needed to take the Cup, but they did have three good goal scoring chances in the first half. First Mastrangelo's strong 13-minute shot was diverted for a corner by defender Moraes and then goalkeeper Raul was brought to two difficult saves by Veglio and Pernia.

Cruzeiro had their best chances through Neca. After his score was invalidated he missed an easy chance when alone in front of goal. The action became confused in the second half when there were hardly any clear goal chances in spite of the Brazilian team's continual territorial domination. Boca Juniors fell back into defence, repeatedly pulling up the Cruzeiro forwards near the area — by fair means or foul — but they did not reckon with Nelinho, one of the most dangerous free kick experts in Brazil. His scoring shot left Gatti standing.

Tactical

On the few occasions the Argentine team did move up into attack it found the Cruzeiro defence shaky and actually Boca, with fewer attacks, looked the more dangerous. They paid the penalty for lack of ambition as well as individual and tactical mistakes. Boca were playing to stop Cruzeiro before they reached the area and to spoil their rythm. The scheme partly failed because some of the Argentine players failed and played below form. But Boca also failed to realise that Cruzeiro were particularly vulnerable against attacks up the wings by Felman and Mastrangelo. At the same time Cruzeiro goalie Raul made some match-winning saves, while Boca failed to get the ball away from the Brazilians, as planned, to spoil Cruzeiro's superior ball play.

Cruzeiro shone in midfield with Eduardo outstanding, but they could not find clear openings against Boca's tight defence and also made tactical mistakes. They exchanged their better ball play for high centres hoping for headers to beat the for once not so safe Gatti, but Boca's back four were not easily caught out. Cruzeiro's all out second half offensive brought the results in the end but, with Nelinho also continually going up, left loopholes in defence which Boca's usually lethal counter attack would have exploited.

Shrouded

Boca and Cruzeiro played for 120 minutes (including extra time) in the playoff at Montevideo on a muddy field and shrouded in fog for the
irst half. It cleared in the second half, but still showed two teams without any clear ideas and a goal rarely seemed likely, though Boca Juniors, commanding the midfield in the second half, missed more chances. Boca adapted themselves better to the conditions (as was to be expected), but their forwards lacked punch after a first half in which both sides took their time to find their feet on the mud and were then wary to attack. Extra time found both sides physically and mentally tired, although Cruzeiro goalie Raul was forced to two spectacular saves from Felman and the Argentine team again had more chances.

Broca's goalkeeper Gatti had the last word however when he saved the fifth penalty shot from Vanderley after each team had scored four post match penalties. Then he said: "With penalties it's a matter of luck in trying to guess which side the shot is going to. When Vanderley stood in front of the ball, I felt sure he was going to shoot to the left and that's where I threw myself and got the ball."

That is what the Libertadores Cup was in the end . . . a matter of luck.

by ERIC BATTY

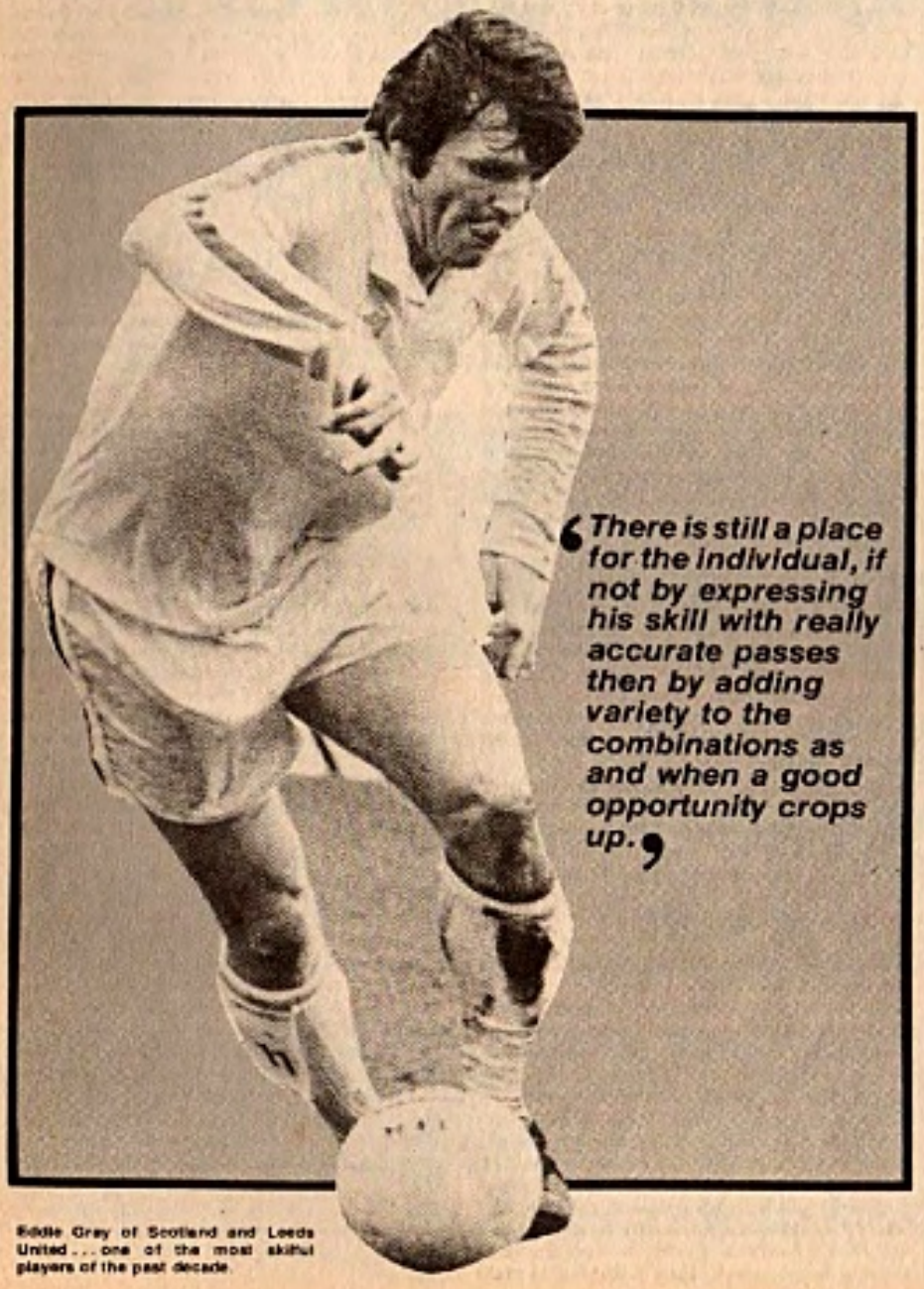
Where are of real so

FOOTBALL in the streets, as I and my generation knew it, is a thing of the past. There are so many cars about now as to make it too dangerous for boys to play football in scratch games in the street, row upon row of parked cars outside almost every house deny the youngsters the space we had in my time.

Even in the north of England, and in Scotland, I believe that the 'back fields' have disappeared, due to large scale re-development which for social reasons was long overdue. But add it all up and you find that young boys of 15 and 16 no longer have a wide range of skills to bring to the game when they first begin playing seriously with the youth teams of professional clubs or with top amateur clubs.

Perhaps many coaches and managers do not mind this absence of individual skill because it seems to me they are urging their players more and more towards an exclusively passing game.

Those who have read my book 'Soccer Coaching the Modern Way' may even think that I am against individualism for in this book are outlined what I call combinations, which small groups of players practice and then hopefully, carry out in match play. Ideas based on what I have seen from many of the world's top teams, put together between two covers.



Eddie Gray of Scotland and Leeds United . . . one of the most skilful players of the past decade.

'There is still a place for the individual, if not by expressing his skill with really accurate passes then by adding variety to the combinations as and when a good opportunity crops up.'

But I must stress that if I advocate passi movements, I also lay great importance on t players understanding these movements, a they are put forward in an attempt to preve back four players retaining their stranglehc on forwards, by tight marking and tacklin

There is still a place for the individual, if n by expressing his skill with really accura passes, then by adding variety to t combinations, as and when a go opportunity crops up, and I will give example.

If a team coached to attack down the rig flank with a three man passing move, fin itself in a situation where a talented rig winger has possession and realises that in th moment he has only one man to beat to p himself into a good shooting position then should break off the coached move and tal the man on and go straight for goal. This only one example, but it will serve for he comes the rub.

If this particular winger is good at passin good at controlling the ball and laying it c first time, but has not got several tricks up sleeve, then how can he make a successf solo run against even one good defender?

These thoughts came to my mind la season while I was watching a game in whi Steve Heighway of Liverpool produced tw genuine feints in rapid succession, and goi the other way, dribbled round two opponen to score a goal. I clasped my hand to my bro in sudden enlightenment. How long was since I had seen such genuine individu skills?

Feints

Thinking back, it really was a long time, ar then surveying the first Division I realised th there are hardly enough players with suc skills to fill the fingers of one hand.

In addition to Heighway, who I rate ve highly, there are only two other players wh stand out in this respect . . . Trevor Brookir of West Ham, and Liam Brady of Arsena Both players are able, like Heighway, t throw misleading feints, unbalance a opponent before taking off and going th other way — leaving their challenger fo dead.

Shortly after the Heighway revelation I wa asked by a friend who had to take professional examination if I would stand i for him, and take over for one night as coac of a London Senior Amateur club.

Of course I agreed, but not knowing wha the standard was like, I took a broa approach, and decided to find out right fro the off.

The first thing we did was to mark out te squares, approximately 12 yards by 12 yard In each square were two players, situated a opposite ends of the squares with one ba

e players cer skill?

between each pair. I positioned myself so that I had the best overall view of them all, and off we went. In each square, the player closest to me had the ball. This player with the ball was instructed to pass the ball to his partner, and then sprint to get tight on him, trying to prevent him one against one, from reaching the line that the defender had started from . . . with the ball under complete control.

I expected that a majority of the 'defending' players would be beaten and I would then spend half an hour coaching the players in getting tight, but not charging like a bull; jockeying, and finally tackling. This was what I expected because when I was coaching regularly myself ten years before it had been the attacking players who had the edge and invariably beat their man.

To my surprise only one player out of the ten attackers succeeded in reaching his objective, and in the second practice, when the players changed roles, not even one was successful.

Needless to say I spent the next half hour showing the players just two ways of beating an opponent, preceded by a feint to go the other way, and in this time I must confess there was a considerable improvement. But later when I checked with my friend, and asked had any player used those two tricks in the next game the team had played, the answer was "no".

Clearly, you cannot give the talents that boys acquired from hour after hour playing in street games, to a modern player who has never had that joy.

In my youth, I and many of my friends went regularly to our local First Division club on Saturday afternoons. Familiar with the tricks of the home team, we used to be impressed by those of the best of the visiting players, some of whom we had never seen before. Then on Sunday morning, perhaps twenty of my friends and acquaintances would gather on our piece of open ground and play, with everyone trying to pull off the new tricks we had seen the day before. If you like, this was coaching by copying.

But today, where are the players for the kids to copy — even assuming they play on Sundays — or kick a ball about at any time in the following week?

Of course I can imagine many people getting upset by this, for we all have our favourite players, and many skilful players do dribble the ball past opponents in Football League games. But I suggest that they do not beat their opponents with feints, trickery and perfect mastery of the ball.

My observations reveal that the modern professionals in England, beat an opponent in three different ways:

1: when receiving the ball, and facing an opponent, they trap the ball and look at their opponent, judge his moment of arrival, and then a split second before he reaches a tackling position, the player with the ball pushes it away in another direction and follows the ball. He makes no attempt to send his man the wrong way with a feint or to unbalance him.

2: when a player is running upfield with the ball at his feet, he beats his man in a similar fashion by judging the speed of his opponent and estimating the point at which their paths will cross which will be the moment for a tackle. Then with the ball under close control, the player with the ball suddenly pushes the ball ahead slightly before the point of interception and accelerates to catch the ball and leave the would-be tackler behind.

3: this is the most difficult player to convince readers about, because this player has an extra degree of skill and confidence with the ball and *appears* to have real individual ability. He stands facing an opponent, moving his body first one way, then the next, and perhaps shuffling the ball a little between his feet. The opponent facing him tries to judge the best moment to tackle and suddenly shoots out a foot in a bid to take the ball. *The apparently skilful player now reacts to the challenge and pushes the ball in another direction* and off he goes with the ball.

There are many players like this who can evade tackles because they have very quick reflexes; good co-ordination between mind and body, and have more than average skill with the ball.

Challenger

This player can also use the same skills when running down the wing with the ball. He waits for his challenger, perhaps running alongside him to put out a foot in a tackling attempt, then sweeps the ball aside, flicks it on, or perhaps stops it, before moving off again.

But the fact is that this third class of player does not have the old fashioned ability to beat a man with tricks and feints that we once saw from men like Matthews, Finney, Mannion, Carter, Peter Doherty, Billy Steel, Jimmy Mason, Tommy Walker and many more.

Most of the apparently' skilful modern players beat their man by evading a tackling foot, or as I prefer to call it 'reacting to a nibble'.

When Italy come to Wembley in November, most of you will probably see the game either live or on TV. Have a close look at two of the Italians, Franco Causio and Giancarlo Antognelli. They I am sure will show you what I mean. They will beat men with feints and tricks and England will not have a player to match them in this department.

Just to give another personal example and underline the enthusiasm with which as boys, my friends and I used to try to copy the skills of players we saw, I take you back to a great day in December, 1953. Ference Puskas produced a feint to go right that sent Harry Johnstone the wrong way; then drew the ball back with the sole of his left boot and immediately pushed it forward again at a wider angle, looked up and walloped the ball into England's net from around six yards.

I called that the Puskas draw back, and though by then I was already coaching I practised it myself so that I could pass it on to my players. Just a few days later I had an Italian friend, who was also a coach, to my home for dinner, and after a little chatter we both remembered Puskas's feint and went out into the street with a ball to practice it on each other. I am quite sure that the neighbours thought we were quite mad.

British boys have hardly any truly great ball players to copy, even if they devote some of their precious time to training. And in any event, the average English coach of an organised club is spending his time on improving defensive qualities and trying to get his team to play with those idiotic FA coaching twins — width in attack and depth in defence.

No wonder that English league games today are not as interesting as they used to be. The individuality of the great player has vanished, there are no great players for the kids to copy even if they want to, for our clubs are worshipping false idols.

In this country we must go back to school and change the curriculum.

Spain beat Swiss

SPAIN'S 2-1 win over Switzerland in Berne didn't contain a lot to cheer Ladislao Kubala, as he prepared for the World Cup deciders with Yugoslavia and Romania.

In fact, he apologised for the terrible performance in the first half, which saw the Swiss go ahead after a Rene Botteron corner. New cap Antonio Benitez tried to head clear, but the ball struck Juan Manuel Asensi on the back and rebounded for Rudi Elsener to stab his shot past Luis Arconada.

Kubala's response was to make three changes at half-time in a team he was already clearly recasting.

Manzanedo had little to do — but Erich Burgener at the other end found Cano a much more lively forward than Satrustegui, and it was Cano who put Spain level after 48 minutes.

Ramos moved up the right and found Dani. The Bilbao man pushed the ball across, and Cano did the rest.

Eight more minutes and Spain had their winner. An error by Brechbühl let in Ignacio Churruca on the left and when he turned the ball on, Roberto Lopez Ufarte celebrated his international debut with a goal.

Switzerland: Burgener; Brechbühl (Schoenenberg 80), Bizzini, Chapuisat, Trinchero, Van Wattburg (Demarmels 74), Hasler, Botteron, Barberis; Risi And Elsener (Sulser 78).

Spain: Arconada (Manzanedo half-time); Benitez (Ramos h-t), Pirri, Miguel, Camacho, Asensi, Churruca (Lopez 84), Lopez Ufarte, Leal; Dani and Satrustegui (Cano h-t).

News from West Germany by Arthur Rotmil

Six clubs move on...

ON the club front there was better news. Of the seven West German clubs taking part in European competitions, no fewer than six have reached the next round. The odd one out was the cup holder FC Cologne who upset the hoped for "hat-trick": In the past two years all seven West German participants have qualified for the Second Round of the international tournaments.

Cologne's fall at the first hurdle to FC Porto was all the more unexpected since the Portuguese had to play their home leg away at Coimbra, having been banned by UEFA for mild crowd disturbances. But the Germans failed to capitalise on their advantage and having only drawn 2-2 at home went out by 0-1 in Portugal. A curious team Cologne, so unlike most Bundesliga clubs rather moody, one day capable of beating anyone in Europe, the next liable to crash to the least fancied side. Last year they played Queen's Park Rangers – 0-3 and 4-1!

Centre Forward Dieter Muller has retained his scoring flair and is chasing his famous namesake Gerd in the Bundesliga scorers list. But the defence, with goalkeeper Schuhmacher not always at his sharpest, is giving away too many "silly" goals.

The most bizarre European tie featured the League leaders Schalke. On the ground of the skilful Italian side AC Fiorentina they drew 0-0, but were then awarded the tie by 3-0! The Italians inexplicably fielded a suspended player, centre forward Casarsa, who after two cautions in the 1975-76 season was banned for one European match, but this the Florentine club had somehow overlooked. The return game in Gelsenkirchen saw Schalke win by 2-1 and qualify in the UEFA-Cup.

Schalke have been going great guns in the championship, until their run was abruptly and brutally stopped by Bayern Munich who won astonishingly by 7-1. Before a full house of 77,000 at the Olympic stadium in Munich, Bayern despite losing Weiss (sent off for a repeated foul on Bongartz) after just half-an-hour, swept the League leaders off the park with some scintillating football. Surprisingly, six men (plus an own goal by Bongartz) shared in the seven-goal spree – with Gerd Müller only getting one. This was sweet revenge for Bayern who last season lost to Schalke at home by 7-0!

This reversal of fortune underlined once again just how futile it is to forecast anything in football, with any degree of certainty. Just as the leading German experts began to "bury" Bayern and hail Schalke as the new "super-aces" of West German football, the ten Bayern men beat the proud Bundesliga leaders by seven goals . . .

Bayern have also progressed to the next stage of the UEFA-Cup having beaten the amateurs from Norway, Mjondalen, on a 12-0 aggregate. And there was good news for their experienced centre back Georg Schwarzenbeck, recalled to the national squad for the prestige match against Italy.

Of the other German teams engaged in the UEFA tourney, there were few problems for Eintracht Frankfurt, who overcame Sliema Wanderers (Malta) by 5-0 overall. The successful German quartet in this competition was completed by Eintracht Brunswick who put out the redoubtable Dynamo Kiev on away goals (1-1, 0-0). The capacity crowd of 35,000 at Brunswick for the home leg was the highest there for ten years!

In outstanding form for Brunswick has been Paul Breitner, the former Bayern Munich and Real Madrid star, who is fervently hoping to make a comeback in the national team. Breitner was of course a member of Germany's World Cup winning side in 1974. The Yugoslav international winger Danilo Papivoda, international goalkeeper Bernd Franke and centre forward Wolfgang Frank (a B-international), are other pillars of this fine Eintracht side.

The champions Borussia Mochengladbach enjoyed a relatively easy passage. They eliminated Vasas Budapest, already in Hungary, where they won 3-0, which included a wonder goal by their Danish star Allan Simonsen, who took the ball in his own half and ran clean through the Hungarian defence beating four men and scoring. The 1-1 draw at home was then achieved at half pace. The Gladbacher are still without their injured striker Jupp Heynckes and their chances of retaining the title appear slimmmer than for years.

The holders of the Cup Winners Cup, Hamburg SV, made the most impressive start in defence of their trophy, when they disposed of Finland's Reipas Lahden by an overall score of 13-3. Kevin Keegan only scored one of those goals and he has been in fact under severe criticism in Hamburg lately. In one or to away matches Keegan was even jeered by the crowd. Already some sarcastic comments were being passed in the Press about this being the most expensive flop in the history of German football . . .

The West German radio's sports service even opened its programme on a Saturday with the quote from Hamburg's international outside left and former club captain Georg Volkert. Addressing his manager Rudi Gutendhorf, Volkert said: "Hey, chief, you are the only one here who speaks English – why don't you tell the little one (meaning Keegan) that in the Bundesliga a midfield player is also expected to perform defensive duties when needed"!

WEST GERMAN international footballer who will defend the country's worl championship title in Argentina next year, ca look forward to even larger bonuses than thos paid for winning the World Cup in 1974. Nin months before the final series is due to begi again, representatives of the national squa and the German Football Federation (DFB have already agreed on a scale of payments On the eve of the friendly international Finland, West Germany's captain Berti Vogt and DFB president Hermann Neuberger wer the principal figures during the discussion which were described as "amicable an friutful".

Accordingly, the DFB announced th officially approved financial rewards. Ever member of the 22-man squad travelling t Argentina will receive initially £2,500 just fo taking part in the final series. A furthe £2,500 will be paid for reaching the secon pool. Should the team enter the last four, th players would get £3,750. This means that fo finishing third or fourth, they could ear £8,750.

Crown

For reaching the Final the internationals can expect another £3,750 — which works out as £12,500 for at least the position of runners up. If the team retains the world crown, then every player will collect a further £3,750, making a grand total of £16,250 per man in the event of winning the World Cup!

Thus the DFB is tempting its representatives with even higher bonuses than in 1974, when as the host country the Germans cashed in quite handsomely. Three years ago the players picked up £15,000, plus a further £2,500 paid to them by "adidas" for wearing their products. This financial arrangement will probably be repeated in Argentina.

The annual "Golden Boot" awards, presented by France Football in conjunction with Adidas, were made in Paris recently. Dieter Muller (Germany, left) won the bronze, Varadi (Hungary, centre) the silver and Georges Georgescu (Rumania, right) the gold.

TOP BONUSES FOR PLAYERS

The DFB president Neuberger was delighted with the successfully concluded talks with the players avoiding the bitter bargaining which took place in 1974 at the squad's headquarters in Malente. "We have learned from that unfortunate clash of interests, which caused so much controversy" assured Herr Neuberger. He did take the precaution, however, of sounding out the players during the South American tour back in June, and thus prepared the ground.

The chief of the organising committee of West Germany's World Cup expedition, Hermann Joch, calculates the expenses at about £375,000. This sum does not include the bonuses, but at least the payments due to the clubs who are releasing their men for the long stint in Argentina. Unlike in England, the German clubs are cashing in to the tune of £1,250 per match for every one of the 22 members of the squad! This represents a total of £27,500 per game. If the team reaches the Final it will cost the DFB a cool £192,500!

Despite the huge expenses bill the DFB who claims to be the largest Football Federation in the world (3½ million registered players!), and probably also the richest, is not complaining. Until the squad leaves for South America the Federation hope to collect a staggering £1,500,000 from six home internationals, scheduled in six different cities and each almost guarantees a sell out!

Concern

As part of the general preparatory side kicks, the Germans have invited the well known Austrian pop star Udo Jürgens to produce an LP record. In January the national squad will start practising the song which the popular singer will help to market. It is hoped to produce some 300,000 copies, and says Jürgens: "We will attempt to make songs with a football theme, but with modern rhythm. There are quite a few scores which are suitable for a record, but I cannot divulge any details, otherwise somebody might pinch the idea."

Whether the national team will do as well in Argentina as they did in 1974 at home — football-wise that is — is of course a matter of greatest concern. After the euphoria which greeted the highly successful tour of South America in June, the first appearance on European soil did not exactly inspire confidence.

Although they took the field at full strength, the Germans made heavy weather of beating Finland just 1-0, albeit on an away ground, in Helsinki. Apart from the stopper Rüssmann (what a "find" he has proved), and centre forward Fischer (scorer of the winning goal), none of the much boosted stars reached normal form. Especially the midfield dissappointed and even the substitution of Beer with Bongartz did not bring an improvement.

RUDI KROL (Ajax Amsterdam) spotlighted by Keir Radnedge

RUDI KROL runs two snack bars in the centre of Amsterdam. He also models clothes and dabbles in interior design.

He spends a certain amount of time talking to journalists such as me. And, on top, if that isn't enough, he is of course captain and sweeper of Ajax Amersterdam.

His admirers claim that now he is the most consistent player Holland have, maintaining his high form and high standards more regularly even than Johan Cruyff or Johan Neeskens.

Krol himself doesn't agree.

"What can you tell from a few games at the start of the season?" he asks modestly enough. But it remains a fact that unnoticed by a great many people, Rudi Krol has been one of the pillars of the Dutch movement which has dominated so much of European football in the past seven years.

Not only was Krol a regular member of the Ajax team which won the Champions' Cup three years on the run, he was also in the 1974 World Cup team, and the side which finished third in last year's European Championship.

And Krol's contribution has not been limited merely to providing first exciting support for his forwards from left back, then sure-footed defensive cover after switching to sweeper. Krol was also one of the men who stood out in the fight to improve the player's lot in Holland, negotiating to raise the bonuses for the World Cup and generally making sure he and his colleagues were not taken advantage of, as too many Dutch players had been in the past by the amateur overlords of the KNVB.

Born on March 24, 1949, his soccer career started at just nine years of age and he joined his first recognised club at 13, when he joined the youth/amateur ranks of the Amsterdam club, Ruud-Wit (Red and white).

At 16 he was in the first team, playing in the centre of defence where his agility, height and technique were of greatest advantage. Then, at 17, came his big break.

Krol was chosen for an Amsterdam Youth Select which went to play in a tournament in Berlin. He was the outstanding player and on landing back at Schiphol airport found three rival deputations awaiting him — one from Ajax, one from DWS Amsterdam and one from the third senior club in the city, Blauw-Wit (Blue and white).

"All three wanted to sign me," Krol told me. "But Ajax were the best club, so I chose them. It was as straightforward as that."

With plenty of experienced central defenders, Ajax switched Krol to left back and it was in this position, where he made his reputation, that he made his Ajax debut a few days before his 20th birthday, in a friendly against Schalke. Two months later he turned professional and made his league debut at the start of season 1969-70 against Groningen.

Coach Rinus Michels, the former Ajax centre forward, was now putting the finishing touches to the side which would sweep through Europe. Krol was one of the last pieces to slot into place — but virtually overnight he was performing as if he'd been playing top grade soccer for years.

After just ten games he was called into Holland's team for the friendly with England in November, 1969. Alongside were Ajax club-mates Johan Cruyff and Nico Rijnders, and though a Colin Bell goal condemned the Dutch in front of their own Amsterdam crowd, Krol had done enough to be in the team still for the 0-0 draw at Wembley two months later.

They were the first of 47 internationals — a series which has seen him score four goals and, remarkably, in which he has been the only Dutch player to play in *all* the World Cup qualifying and finals games and *all* the European Championship games between 1974 and last summer's third-place match in Yugoslavia.

That first season also provided Krol with his first taste of European club soccer, in the UEFA Cup. Ajax beat Hannover, Ruch Chorzow, Napoli, and Carl Zeiss Jena on their way to semi-final defeat by eventual winners Arsenal. But besides giving Krol his international baptism, it has also left him with a lasting memory of the second leg against Carl Zeiss.

I had asked Krol which, of all Ajax's big games, he remembered the best. I expected him to name one of the two finals he played in, or the trouncing of Bayern Munich. Instead, he took me back to the second leg against the East Germans.

"We were 3-1 down from the first leg and after about quarter of an hour in Amsterdam they went another goal ahead (the scorer was Peter Ducke). It was a very cold night and now it looked impossible for us.

"But at 4-1 down we started to play our very best. The crowd got right behind us and shouted for us and encouraged us, and we won the game 5-1 and the tie 6-4 on aggregate. I think that was the best game Ajax ever played."

Discipline

Krol rates Michels, now of course at Barcelona, as the coach who taught him the most.

"Ajax were pretty low when Michels took over. He brought us discipline, professionalism. Later, after he left for Spain, Stefan Kovacs helped us develop and use our freedom, our inspiration. He showed us how to think out what we were doing.

"I've learned something from all the coaches we have had. But it's only in looking back at a couple of years' distance that it's possible to understand exactly *how* much I learned.

"The trouble is that when you are young you think you know everything. It's only when you are more experienced that you learn better.

"For example, when I was 19, if Cruyff or Piet Keizer told me something, tried to give me some advice, I took no notice. I thought I knew better than them. I learned . . . but now I see the same thing happening.

"As captain I try to help our younger players. But of course, they don't always take much notice."

If that's true, it's a pity. The youngsters at Ajax could hardly have a more responsible player to look up to. Krol has a proud disciplinary record, having never been sent off and having been booked only once in his career.

"It was three years ago. The referee gave a free kick against me. I didn't agree and got a bit too angry and kicked the ball away. But that was the only time. . . ."

Ajax's springboard to glory was that first season of Krol's, 1969-70. They had won the league three times in a row from 1966, but the furthest they had got in Europe was the 1969 Champions' Cup Final, when they played a simple and naive attacking game and were taught a sound lesson by Milan. The Italians won 4-1 in Madrid.

Back came Ajax, in 1970, to win the league and the cup. Yet their triumph was overshadowed by their greatest rivals, Feyenoord, who beat Celtic to win the Champions' Cup and then took the world club cup as well.

But Ajax's league record was truly outstanding. They played 34 games, won 27, drew six, and lost only one (1-0 away to Feyenoord), scoring exactly 100 goals and conceding 60. But they were lucky in the cup. Having been beaten by Alkmaar in the third round they were admitted to the quarter finals as a 'lucky loser' to make up the eight and beat DWS 2-1, Twente Enschede 4-0 in the semi-finals, and then PSV Eindhoven 2-0 to take the trophy and the double.

Ajax opted, of course, for the Champions' Cup in 1970-71 and it was to bring Krol triumph and tragedy. Having played in all the games against Nendori Tirana, Basel and Glasgow Celtic, Krol saw himself helping Ajax into the final again when the draw paired the Dutchmen with Atletico Madrid.

The first leg was in Madrid and Krol was, for once, given the runaround by the Spanish right winger, Jose Armando Ufarte. It was Ufarte who set up the only goal for Javier Irureta, but Ajax reckoned that, only 1-0 down, they were well set for the final.

Ajax were, Krol wasn't.

Before the second leg he broke a leg in a Dutch Cup semi-final against NEC Nijmegen and so, instead of walking out at Wembley in the team, he was there on crutches. There were two consolations: the fact that Ajax beat Panathinaikos 2-0, and the reception Krol received from the Dutch fans as he hobbled to the trainers' bench.

"Everyone seemed to be shouting my name," said Krol. "That was a wonderful moment. I'll never forget that game — even though I couldn't play."

Krol also missed Ajax's cup victory, the only domestic prize they hung onto, for they finished second in the league, four points behind Feyenoord, after slipping to two defeats in their first eight games.

But he gained that coveted winners' medal the following year. Ajax turned over Dynamo Dresden, Marseille, Arsenal and Benfica on their way to a 2-0 victory over Internazionale in the final in Rotterdam. Krol played in every game. And meanwhile, in Holland, Ajax suffered only one defeat in regaining the league and holding on to the cup.

At the end of the day the European champions were eight points clear of Feyenoord — and improving all the time.

Holland's most consistent player...

Michels had left after the victory over Panathinaikos, and now the dapper little Rumanian, Stefan Kovacs, was in charge. It was Kovacs, building on Michels's long hard and patient work, who tuned Ajax into total football — the concept once foreseen by Willy Meisl as the 'Whirl' in which all the players of a team would be interchangeable.

Just as West Germany fluently dominated international soccer, so with Ajax at club level. The players had been together a few years now, and had developed a high level of understanding. If Krol's official position was at left back, it wasn't all that surprising if his acceleration and high technical ability turned him suddenly into the outside right or centre forward.

At their best Ajax provided magical football of a quality rarely equalled.

In 1972-73 they were European and league champions again, beating CSKA Sofia, Bayern Munich, Real Madrid and then Juventus in Belgrade to become the first triple champions since Madrid themselves. It was Krol's best season yet.

Once again he was an ever-present, even taking over as captain when Cruyff, said to be injured, controversially missed the second leg against Bayern. Ajax, having won the first leg 4-0 at home, lost 2-1 in Munich — Krol, haplessly presenting the Germans with their second goal, after diverting a Gerd Müller shot.

But he more than made amends in the first leg of the semi-final against Real Madrid. With 13 minutes to go in Amsterdam, and Ajax only 1-0 up, Piet Keizer touched an indirect free kick to him 25 yards out. A rasping shot through a forest of legs, and Ajax were on the way towards the final, becoming, on the way, one of only three teams to beat Real in Madrid in European competition.

The final, against Juventus, saw Ajax ahead after four minutes through Johnny Rep and playing 25 minutes of the most outstanding soccer of their reign.

The switching between the players was poetic, but then, Ajax seemed to become bored and the game stagnated. They won the trophy — but it was for the last time.

Soon after the final the Ajax we knew and admired started to fall apart. Kovacs left for France, Cruyff and later Neeskens and Rep and Gerrit Muehren, for Spain. Bearded Barrie Hulshoff, the stopper, would fall prey to a cruel series of injuries.

Only Krol and full back partner Wim Suurbier maintained the consistency everyone now expected from Ajax. Georg Knobel took over as coach, but in the 1973-74 Champions' Cup Ajax went out immediately to CSKA Sofia and finished third in the league.

But at that moment, when it seemed Dutch football was going over the hill, came the greatest show of all — in the 1974 World Cup.

It's pointless recalling all the details. But that was the series of games which pinpointed Krol as one of the world's outstanding defenders. He had played in all Holland's qualifying games against Belgium, Iceland and Norway, and continued in ever-present vein against Uruguay, Sweden, Bulgaria, Argentina, East Germany, Brazil and . . . West Germany.

And, if he put through his own goal on behalf of the Bulgarians, he scored the second of Holland's four goals against Argentina, hitting Wim Jansen's corner hard and low past Daniel Carnevali, then made the second — and crucial — goal for Cruyff against Brazil.

And so to that fateful meeting in Munich with the hosts. And Holland, the favourites, after going a goal ahead in the second minute, went down 2-1. A bad memory for Krol this. It wasn't that he played badly, that wouldn't be true. But it was down his side of the pitch that Jürgen Grabowski escaped to lay on Müller's winner just before half-time.

What went wrong?

"We made a bad mistake after going 1-0 ahead. We didn't go on putting on enough pressure. Then, in the second half, when we needed goals, we didn't have the luck. I've seen the match repeated once on television since. I don't want to see it again. I feel terrible just thinking about it. We were so close. . . ."

Ajax have been in eclipse ever since. Third in the league in 1975 and 1976, they reached only the third round of the UEFA Cup in those two seasons and last term, though they regained the championship, they went out of Europe to Manchester United in the first round.

Winning 1-0 in Amsterdam, thanks to a goal from Krol, Ajax went down 2-0 at Old Trafford. But by now Krol was no longer the left back. As well as Ajax captain, having taken over on Cruyff's departure for Barcelona, he had reverted to his original position of sweeper.

Whose idea was that?

"Well, this was two seasons ago. Michels had come back as our manager, from Spain. He knew I had played sweeper when I was a young player, but he thought I was most useful to Ajax at left back. Then, early in the season, we were beaten 6-2 by PSV in Eindhoven.

"After that, he asked me if I would play sweeper again. I didn't mind. It gives me more responsibility. Last season I was very pleased with the way I had settled down."

Krol has now played more than 350 games for Ajax, the last 50 or 60 as sweeper. But it wasn't until early this year, in Holland's 2-0 win over England at Wembley, that he moved from left back in the national team.

Holland provided a lesson for their hosts that night, with Krol artistically and aesthetically commanding in the centre of defence — not content only to tidy up, but always ready to move upfield. Not for Krol the imperious manner of a Beckenbauer, but in a quieter way he always makes sure he is available for the quick pass to help out his midfield men. And he is always ready, too, to sprint forward for the quick one-two which will turn a dull midfield moment into a devastating attack.

Krol's last international target was the European Championship. But Holland, suffering from internal strife, lost 3-2 after extra time to Czechoslovakia in the semi-finals, before earning third place by defeating their hosts, Yugoslavia, 3-2. Krol, as we mentioned earlier, was the only Dutch player to play in every match — from the qualifying games against Poland, Italy and Finland, through the quarter final against Belgium and then the two big games at the end.

I asked Krol how he rated Holland's chance in the 1978 World Cup — and he wasn't even ready to assume (as most other people) that the Dutch were virtually qualified.

"It could be very difficult for us, even in Northern Ireland," he said. "But we do have the advantage of having won away to Belgium. Still, that doesn't mean it will be easy."

But if you do qualify for Argentina?

Arie Haan in an interview with Peter Bills

BRITISH STOCK IS LOW!

AMONG the moronic element that claim allegiance to our game of football they so consistently defile, stiff upper lip diplomacy and the ability to be proud Englishmen, is given little mileage. Those who race down French streets smashing windows; bash the militia in Barcelona or swap punches with ground officials in Amsterdam, have probably never heard of that time-honoured phrase, "an Englishman abroad".

True as it is that the days of 'them' and 'us' within British society have virtually vanished, save for certain residents of Lords and Twickenham, there remains the image abroad of Englishmen and their courtesies. Or rather, did. Smashing up football stadiums, assaulting passers-by and staggering around foreign capitals filled to the eyeballs with whisky, has hardly cemented such beliefs among our European neighbours.

If our image among Europeans reached an all time high through our war time exploits, it has most certainly sunk to a depressing level as we near the end of 1977. For that sad state of affairs, honours degrees must go to the mindless louts associated with clubs such as Manchester United and others.

The St. Etienne fiasco — and UEFA's absurd decision to back down — has brought a flood of comment in Continental soccer circles. From Munich to Madrid, from Brussels to Barcelona, talk has been rife on our football supporters and the violence in which they trade.

Our stock has sunk so low it's hard to deny a case to the life members of the British Empire who expound with disgust that little has gone right since the days when you almost needed a 'Varsity background and an enormous bank account behind you, simply to cross the Channel.

Reputation

It's not only my opinion that our reputation has never been as low across the Channel. And my recent early morning call to the heart of the European Community — Brussels and the Dutch/Anderlecht star Arie Haan — sadly confirmed the suspicions.

Haan admitted: "It is so bad for you because it has given all Britain a terrible name. All the incidents of the violence among supporters are shown each week on our television. It is the same throughout Europe — and everywhere now, the British are talked of in the same way as their football supporters. Maybe that is unfair but it is so. I am afraid to say that being British in Europe today is to be rejected along with those bad supporters. Your country must suffer because of it all."

Haan expressed the fear that is now sweeping across Europe — that the behaviour of our youth at football stadiums will soon cross the Channel and plague the Continental clubs.

Haan said: "It is true that is what we fear. In Holland it will start and as soon as it begins there, it will come into Belgium. So much of your trouble is shown on European television — we all fear it will spread to the European countries.

"Of course, all the players I know in Belgium and Holland thought it would be a pity for the Manchester United club to be banned from Europe. But sometimes there must be action to solve a problem even though it is unfair on some people.

"Always, there is trouble when English supporters go abroad. I saw it some years ago when Feyenoord played Tottenham Hotspur. That was bad and yet it is still happening. Nothing has been done to stop it since then.

"In Holland and Belgium, I can take my family and my children to watch a football match. In England, I think it is not possible to do that. We all hope it does not become impossible to do that over here, as it is in your country."

Haan is critical of UEFA's mild conditions attached to the re-instatement of United into this season's Cup Winners Cup. "To play 200 km away from Manchester — that was no problem" he said. "Your fans travelled to St. Etienne and caused trouble so they could easily go 200 km inside England.

"We heard that United said their fans should have been segregated at St. Etienne. But outside the ground, shops were smashed and items stolen, people assaulted. Segregating the fans is not the point. The supporters misbehaved away from the stadium.

"In Holland and Belgium, people are fed up with hearing of Manchester United supporters. You see it on television, you read about it in the newspapers. Always there is the same group causing the trouble. They are drunk, they cannot behave — and it is very bad for England.

Solution

"Of course, there should have been a ban on United. It is the best solution. But now, there must be a ban on United supporters going abroad again. No fans must be allowed to go to United's matches in Europe.

"UEFA should have made an example of Manchester United. It is very very hard for the players but that cannot be helped. If it helps stop the trouble, it will be well worth it and United's players must agree with that.

"Always, British supporters are the worst. All the clubs from Britain have a bad reputation on the Continent. Even the good clubs have a bad name and that is unfortunate. But it is certain to happen. When people say they come from England, everyone on the Continent remembers what happens at English football matches, and thinks they, too, will be aggressive."

To those of us happily still of sound mind and soul, Haan's thoughts will make depressing reading. But it can scarcely be suggested that much the same had not been considered inevitable. It is, in the circumstances, both sad and extremely unfortunate that our own Football Authorities — like UEFA — still refuse to take the heavy stick from the cupboard.

To appease those who decline the urge to beat up old ladies or project lumps of concrete into plate glass windows, we have merely the mis-guided words of Sports Minister Denis Howell from which to draw comfort.

Howell's sharp letter to UEFA — in support of United's plea for a lifting of the ban — merely papered over the vast cracks in his own case. To ask for the re-instatement of the thugs onto the Euro-continent, was as unacceptable a suggestion as demanding Rudolf Hess' freedom and subsequent journey to the Wailing Wall.

Relinquish

For United themselves, now accustomed to a regular sighting of wheel-barrows full of fivers heading for the local bank each time 55,000 cram into Old Trafford, to relinquish the chance to teach the louts a firm lesson, was equally unacceptable a viewpoint.

No one can accuse Messrs. Haan, Cruyff, Rensenbrink, Neeskens or Krol of being anti-United. Nor can they deny most neutral observers' wish to see the many and varied talents of St. Etienne and United in combat within the cauldron of Old Trafford.

But for the sake of not only our game but also our society at home and reputation as a nation of sanity, law and order abroad, a UEFA punishment of two or three years ban on United in Europe seems to have been the barest requirement from the committee in Switzerland.

That they so totally failed in that requirement, will be to the detriment of our game and our society in the years to come. A chance of solving the problem once and for all was seized from our grasp by those un-wise men of UEFA. For that, all Europe mourns.

Zaglebie's late win

THE 1976-77 Polish FA Cup Final, postponed because of Poland's South American tour, opened the new season. 30,000 fans at Chorzow saw Zaglebie Sosnowiec take the trophy after beating Polonia Bytom 1-0 with a second half goal from midfield player Suczek.

The opening day of the league programme was a good one for Kazimierz Deyna who scored twice for his club Legia Warsaw who beat Ruch Chorzow 3-0. Another winner the same day were Wisla Krakow who won 1-0 at home to Stal Mielec (with Lato and Szarmach) with a goal from Kmiecik.

Wisla Krakow moved into top place on the second day after winning 3-2 away to Gornik Zabrze and extended their opening run to five straight wins, including a 1-0 away win over Widzew Lodz (Kmiecik again), Legia Warsaw (2-1 with goals from Kapka and Kmiecik) and 2-1 away to newly promoted Zawisza where Kmiecik again got the winner.

Stal Milece collected their first two point game of the season in Warsaw where they beat Legia 1-0 with a goal from Henryk Kasperczek. After that Stal beat Zawisa 2-1 at home (Lato and Szarmach one each) to move up into fourth place.

At the fifth hurdle, Gornik Zabrze ran up the biggest score so far by beating Pogon Szczecin 5-0 with the first two goals coming from veteran Ziegfryd Szoltysik and left winger Gzil getting two more.

Stal Mielec continued their winning run away to Polonia Bytom with Andrzej Szarmach disappointing last season in the scoring stakes, getting the only goal.

Leaders Wisla Krakow dropped their first point in an away draw (0-0) to Zaglebie Sosnowiec and on the same day LKS Lodz moved up into second place after beating Ruch Chorzow 2-1 with Sobol getting both goals.

Leading scorers after 8 rounds are Deyna (Legia) and Gzil (Gornik Zabrze) with 5 goals each. Szarmach had four and playing better won his place back in the national team.

Dukla hit back

CZECHOSLOVAKIAN Champions Dukla Praha began the new season with a shock 0-4 defeat away to Tatran Presov but they made amends three days later at home when they won by 8-1 to Slovan Bratislava who provided five of the team that won the 1976 European championship for Czechoslovakia. Miroslav Gajdusek scored the first hat-trick of the season in this game.

Karol Dvorak, the Dukla international stopper, has been transferred to Brno. A year ago he married a girl from Brno and has been trying to arrange the deal ever since.

Other important moves during the summer included: Karol Dobias, Spartak Trnava to Bohemians, Jozef Capkovic, Slovan Bratislava to Dukla Praha, Jaroslav Pollack, VSS Kosice to Dukla Banska Bystrica, and Dusan Gallis who headed the winner for the Czechs when they beat England 2-1, VSS Kosice to Slovan Bratislava.

National team boss Vaclav Jezek had a gall bladder operation and Dukla manager Jaroslav Vejvoda took charge of the pre-season tour to Morocco and the visit to Turnin where the national team lost 1-3 to Torino. For the 1-0 win at home to Turkey and the visit to Scotland, Dr. Jozef Venglos was in charge, now back full time guiding Slovan Bratislava after a one year absence.

Several top clubs have new managers including Sparta Prague — Arnost Hlozek (back from Austria); Spartak Trnava — Viliam Novak, Bohemians — Tomas Pospichal and newly promoted ZVL Zilina bring Jozef Marko, World Cup chief in 1970 back into the top division.

The first Prague derby of the season saw Bohemians beat champions Dukla 3-2 after the army team had led 2-1 at the break. Centre-forward Kloucek equalised and Panenka got a late winner. The same weekend Sparta beat Trencin in Prague 5-0 in front of a 20,000 crowd which is the biggest so far.

In the fifth round of league games Sparta v Slavia drew another 20,000 for the clash of the two oldest Czech clubs and ended 0-0.

DDR SNATCH VITAL POINT

THE DDR's 1-1 draw to Austria in the World Cup was their 168th international match. Full record: won 79, drawn 42, lost 47. Goals for 305 and against 205.

The last time East Germany and Austria met in a World Cup tie in Vienna was on April 25, 1965 which ended the same way 1-1 and Jurgen Noldner scored their late equaliser.

The DDR's highest World Cup win to date was 5-0 against Finland in 1972 but they will have to do better than that at home to Malta on October 29 if they are to overhaul Austria's goal difference. Austria beat Malta 9-0 at home.

After winning their first three league games for a goals tally of 9-2, champions Dynamo Dresden dropped their first point in a 2-2 draw away to Lokomotive Leipzig watched by a 32,000 crowd, attracted by the fact that they stood first and second in the table. Veteran Henning Frenzel scored Leipzig's second goal to put them two up, but Dynamo equalised before the break through Rainer Sachse and Peter Kotte.

Hallescher FC Chemie recorded the biggest win of the season so far, beating bottom of the table Wismut Aue by 6-0 (4-0).

Dynamo Dresden returned to their winning ways after being held in Leipzig beating Union Berlin 4-1 watched by their usual 33,000. Gerd Weber, formerly a record Youth international with more than 40 caps got his first goal of the season for Dynamo and libero Hans-Jurgen Dorner got another.

FC Magdeburg moved up into second place with a 1-0 draw win over Vorwarts Frankfurt, Joachim Streich scoring the only goal.

Lokomotive Leipzig lost their unbeaten record 2-4 away to Wismut Aue, leaving Dynamo Dresden the only unbeaten team after only five rounds. Top goal-getter at the moment is Joachim Streich of Magdeburg with 7 goals from 5 games, including one penalty.

Hoffman equalises for East Germany against Austria.

Short E for Slas

by Keir Radnedge

SLASK WROCLAW found themselves standard-bearers of Polish football at an awkward time. Champions of the league for the first time last season their line-up includes only one of the men who rose to fame through the 1974 World Cup success — central defender Wladyslaw Zmuda.

Yet after finishing three points clear of Widzew Lodz at the top last season they were into the Champions' Cup this season — and just as soon knocked out by Levsky Spartak Sofia.

Slask had high hopes too — particularly since the Bulgarians were without two of their best defenders owing to UEFA suspensions. But the Poles' quick elimination somehow seems to match the feeling of uncertainty in Poland at the moment.

Slask had high hopes quickly dispelled. And many fans and officials fear the national team will go the same way, despite the fact that qualification for Argentina next year is now almost fact. It only remains for Poland to take a point from their home match with Portugal and they are there.

So, with this comparison, let's consider Slask's role in Polish soccer.

First, the club itself. This was set up in 1946 and had never won a major title until last year. Indeed, they had never even been Cup Finalists, let alone won the trophy. And Poland, unlike some countries who only became serious about a knock-out competition when the Cup-winners' Cup was set up, have run their contest since 1951, with only a couple of breaks.

Last year was the big breakthrough, for Slask not only won the Cup, but beat new champions Stal Mielec, the club of Messrs Lato and Szarmach, to do so. The score in the final was 2-0, and though Slask finished only halfway in the league, they could hardly have finished on a higher note.

Their first major success not only promised well for the future, but was also proof of the progress which had first been noted when they gained entry to the UEFA Cup that same season.

Slask had been in and out of the first division for most of their previous years in existence, last being relegated in 1969 and returning only in 1973 when the first division was enlarged from 14 to 16 teams. In their first season back they finished 13th, only two points from a relegation place.

But the next year, 1974-75, they surprised everyone by ending up third behind champions Ruch Chorzow and Stal Mielec with this, their best-ever record:

P	W	L	D	F	A	Pts
30	13	10	7	40	31	36

That they had never been in the running for the league title, finishing eight points behind Chorzow, hardly mattered. Slask now felt they were ready for greater things, particularly thanks to the mid-season signing of World Cup star Zmuda.

Slask were thus ready to bring European football to the 54,000-capacity Olimpijski stadium, for the first time. Not that senior representative football was unknown to the stadium — it had been built for the 1936 Olympics, and soccer qualifiers were played there, when Wroclaw was known as Breslau and was part of Germany.

Slask's first European opponents were GAIS of Gothenburg. They lost the first leg 2-1 away, but won the return 4-1 thanks to a hat-trick from little Janusz Sybis. Next came Antwerp, who had thrashed Aston Villa. At home Slask were held 1-1, but in Belgium — where Villa lost 4-1 — Slask caused a minor sensation by winning 2-1.

That coach Wladyslaw Zmuda — remarkably the same name as his star player — should incur a UEFA fine of £300 for causing a confused interruption by running on the pitch without the referee's permission, hardly mattered.

They were one step from the quarter finals! But that was where they would remain, for it was in the third round that Slask came up against Liverpool, the ultimate winners.

Worse than that, on a frozen pitch which made good football impossible, Slask had to go into the first leg without midfielder Tadeusz Wanat, suspended after collecting a second booking against Antwerp, and Zmuda (the player, that is) who was injured and had lost his battle to be fit after missing the previous two league games.

The first goal was a freak. Ray Kennedy mishit his shot, but it ricocheted off Roman Faber into the net. That was after an hour. Thirteen minutes later the Polish defenders stopped, waiting for a whistle for offside which never came, and John Toshack made it 2-0.

Ten minutes from time came the Poles' only consolation — Sybis deflecting a shot from Tadeusz Pawlowski past Ray Clemence.

Zmuda was also absent for the second leg and Liverpool found it easy. Jimmy Case scored a hat-trick and Slask were out of Europe. The score at Anfield was 3-0 to Liverpool, thus 5-1 on aggregate.

Still, Slask had done well in their first European adventure, and winning the Cup at the end of the season put them into the draw last season for the Cup-winners' Cup. Floriana of Malta were easy meat in the first round, 4-1 away and 2-0 at home. The story was the same with Bohemians of Dublin in the next round, with Sybis the star. Jozef Kwiatkowski headed in his lob after just one minute of the first leg, and Sybis himself added two more for a 3-0 win at home. Sybis was also there to help with the only goal of the return, stepping over a cross from Marian Balcerzak to allow Tadeusz Pawlowski to push the ball in from close range.

Into the last eight — the stage Liverpool had denied them in the UEFA Cup the previous year. But Napoli were to prove a different proposition to the weak Maltese and Irish teams that had gone before. Held 0-0 at home, Slask went out after losing 2-0 in Italy.

But, of course, winning the league was more than adequate compensation. After the domination of Polish club football over the past 15 years by first Gornik, then Ruch Chorzow, it makes a change to see a team such as Slask come through. But this year they could have done without Levsky Spartak as opening opponents in the Champions' Cup and, when I arrived in Wroclaw shortly after the first leg defeat and shortly before Poland's World Cup qualifier with Denmark I found plenty of officials and journalists pessimistically asserting that the Wroclaw revolution had blown itself out.

Perhaps a 6-3 defeat by Legia Warsaw, in which the revived Kazimierz Deyna scored one and made four goals, had something to do with it. But from my observations I don't think Slask have that much to be disappointed about.

They have a solid team, not brilliant or particularly inspired, but sound enough, and they can play neat enough football given half a chance. What they lack is big match experience for, apart from Zmuda, only three of the other players were in the squad of 40 named before the last World Cup and only their continuing presence in the Slask team indicates their consistency.

Crucial mistakes

In goal is 26-year-old Zygmunt Kalinowski, born on May 2, 1951, and who could well have been Poland's goalkeeper in West Germany. After the 1-1 draw at Wembley, for which Kalinowski was substitute, Jan Tomaszewski was injured, and Kalinowski played in all Poland's World Cup warm-up games. Unfortunately, just before the finals he made some crucial mistakes in a 4-1 defeat by Stuttgart, Tomaszewski regained fitness after a series of niggling arm injuries, and Gornik's young Andrzej Fischer showed impressive form as substitute.

In the end Kalinowski went to West Germany not as the No 1, but as No 3! Since then he's failed to add to his 12 caps.

Also involved in Poland's warm-up matches was Slask midfielder, Zygmunt Garlowski, a 28-year-old born on October 5, 1949. But his appearances were mainly restricted to the substitutes' bench, as he could hardly hope to displace Deyna, Henryk Kasperczak or Zygmunt Maszczyk.

The other Slask man vying for a place was Kwiatkowski, now 26, and who was born on November 30, 1950. Kwiatkowski looked the heir apparent to Robert Gadocha with some good performances for the Poland under-23 team before the World Cup, but he failed to

uropean run
k Wroclaw

make the squad of 22 and his form has since suffered a little through the requirements of his club.

Originally an outside left, Kwiatkowski has been used as centre forward and occasionally in midfield or at outside right by Slask in the three years since first 'arriving'.

Finally, what about Zmuda? At the time of the World Cup he was a player with Gwardia Warsaw, and after doing well against strikers such as Gerd Muller, Ralf Edström and Jairzinho he fancied his chances of a move to Western Europe. Accordingly he asked Gwardia to release him and they immediately slapped a six-month ban on him.

Polish players aren't allowed abroad until they have reached 30, if then, and Zmuda, born on June 6, 1954, was then only 20 and clearly had a major role to play in Poland's international future. Towards the end of the six months, Gwardia transferred Zmuda in mid-season 1974-75 to Slask. The Wroclaw club, as we have seen, went on to finish third while, ironically, Gwardia were relegated!

Zmuda is the cornerstone of the Slask defence, with Balcerzak at right back, Trzonkowski the left back and Henryk Kowalczyk, a conversion from right back, generally doubling up with Zmuda in the middle.

The midfield is taken up by Mieczyslaw Olesiak, Zbigniew Rybotycki and the man in form at the moment, Jan Ehrlich. Garlowski is the turning point of the attack, moving forward from midfield when Slask have possession or are playing at home, and staying back when Slask are under pressure.

Experienced reserves

Kwiatkowski and Sybis are the two full-time forwards, with Pawlowski a useful right winger who can score goals.

Add to some experienced reserves in defender Krzystof Karpinski, and midfielders Roman Faber and Keiczyslaw Kopycki and there's no reason why the successes of the last two years should prove to be no more than a flash in the pan.

Yet I say this despite the fact that only one Slask player, Zmuda, was in the squad of 17 from which national coach Jacek Gmoch chose his team for the Chorzow World Cup-tie with Denmark.

Full squad — Jan Tomaszewski and Zygmunt Kukla; Henryk Wieczorek, Henryk Wawrowski, Zmuda, Henryk Maculewicz and Wojciech Rudy; Henryk Kasperczak, Kazimierz Deyna, Bohdan Masztaler, Adam Nawalka, Zbigniew Boniek, Stanislaw Terlecki, Grzegorz Lato, Roman Ogaza, Andrzej Szarmach, and Wlodek Lubanski.

Gmoch, the 39-year-old who took over from Kazimierz Gorski after Poland lost their Olympic title in Montreal, has not been the most popular of managers. The recent defeats by Russia and Austria provoked rumours that Gorski might be recalled after his success in taking Panathinaikos to the Greek Cup and League double.

A former international defender who won 32 caps in his time, Gmoch is an honest man who insists on being allowed to follow through his own ideas and maintaining his own discipline. He has not always seen eye to eye with some of the senior players and Antoni Szymanowski, for example, one of the best right backs in the last World Cup, was quickly ousted from the squad.

Gmoch wanted a clear three-goal win over the Danes, and before a crowd of 60,000 in Chorzow, these were the teams:

Poland — Tomaszewski; Wawrowski, Zmuda, Maculewicz, Rudy; Kasperczak, Deyna (Boniek), Masztaler (Nawalka); Lato, Lubanski, Szarmach.

Denmark — Poulsen; Mortensen, Henning Munk Jensen, Roentved, Aahlberg; J. Andersen (Helmo Hansen), Flindt-Bjerg, Nygaard; Lund, Allan Hansen (Soerensen), Kristensen.

The Danes had to make do without their professional emigrants such as Allan Simonsen, kept in West Germany by a Borussia Moenchengladbach upset by their comparatively poor start to the league. And for the Poles it was plain sailing, despite the rain which meant the pitch soon cut up.

Szarmach set up the first goal for Masztaler after 26 minutes, and after Per Poulsen dropped a low shot from Deyna, Lato nipped into score the second in the 37th minute. Deyna went through the Danish defence as if it didn't exist on the hour and slipped round Poulsen before scoring the third himself and Szarmach hit the fourth ten minutes from time.

The Danes' only goal was a penalty, converted by Kristian Nygaard.

And that 4-1 win left the Poles on ten points, needing only a draw with Portugal on October 29 to be sure of reaching the World Cup Finals for the second time in succession — yet only the second time since the war.

Zmuda was never troubled in defence and, with Gornik's Jerzy Gorgon now back in the good books after his suspension and slowly returning to match fitness, it could be that the 1974 partnership of Gorgon and Zmuda will be renewed for Argentina.

Beyond reproach

Gmoch's World Cup progress is beyond reproach, even if Poland have suffered a string of reversals in friendlies. But it looks as though only Zmuda of the Slask contingent features in his plans. A senior Polish official with whom I spoke told me he thought Polish club teams too defensive and not geared well enough to bringing the young players through and providing adequate coaching facilities.

But there can't be too much wrong with a country making steady progress in the World Cup. From what I saw of Poland and champions, Slask Wroclaw, the basic ability is there. What is important is that men such as Gorski, Gmoch and Michal Vican — the former Ruch boss — are given the chance to work abroad, yet bring their expertise and knowledge back to improve standards at home.

Slask Wroclaw were good champions, but they're no outstanding team. They are sound and well prepared, and this is probably the key to the future if men such as Lato, Szarmach and Deyna are to be adequately replaced.

PORTUGAL'S SQUAD . . .

PORTUGAL'S squad for the vital World Cup tie with Poland was: Goalkeepers: Botelho (Sporting), Bento (Benfica), Fonseca (Porto). Defenders: Artur, Laraieira (Sporting), Pietra, Humberto (Benfica), Gabriel, Freitas, Teixeira (Porto), Cardoso (Braga), Vieira (Estoril), Jose Mendes (Vitoria Setubal). Midfield: Fraguito, Baltasar (Sporting), Toni, Sheu (Benfica), Octavio, Rodolfo, Celso (Porto), Pinto (Braga), Alves (Salamanca). Forwards: Manuel Fernandes, Jordao (Sporting), Nene, Chalana (Benfica), Vitor Batista (Benfica), Oliveira (Porto), Nelinho (Braga), Francisco Mario and Albertino (Boavista).

RANGERS CRUSH ABERDEEN

THE sun will be blotted out by flying pigs on the day the fans of Celtic and Rangers get together to praise each other's favourites. It's as unlikely as El Salvador becoming future world champions. It would be as unexpected as Uganda becoming everyone's No. 1 holiday spot for next year.

However, a Parkhead supporter may have grudgingly agreed that Rangers were not lucky when they met Aberdeen, the holders, in the first leg of their second round League Cup tie at Ibrox last month. Rangers were rampant that glorious evening for the Ibrox supporters. They crammed six goals past international goalkeeper Bobby Clark and if the game had lasted another 30 minutes I am certain they would have gone into double figures.

I watched this destruction of the Dons and I could hardly believe my eyes for several reasons. Frankly, I didn't expect Rangers to be so good, so convincing and, most important, so talented. Neither did I expect Aberdeen to be so clueless, so disorganised and so out of touch. Obviously, I do not want to take anything away from one of the best Rangers performances I have ever witnessed, but to say I was surprised with the form of Billy McNeill's Aberdeen would be an understatement in the mould of saying everyone is not enjoying inflation.

You would have to be totally bereft of grey matter or as thick as winter's driven snow to think that this was a normal performance from Aberdeen, who were, remember, *seven* points ahead of champions Celtic in the League when this game was played.

So, what happened at Ibrox that chilly night? Were Rangers that good? Or were Aberdeen that bad? Let's analyse the Ibrox men first. They were aggressive right from the start while the Dons tended to lose out on too many 50-50 balls.

Rangers left-back Alex Miller, without any direct opposition, was allowed to come forward into attack almost unhindered. This put even more pressure on right back Stuart Kennedy, who didn't look too impressive against Davie Cooper's simple tactic of going left, checking inside and then going outside again.

Cooper's right foot is only there to make up the numbers. He is a bit like Malcolm Macdonald, who relies heavily on his left foot, but whereas the Arsenal striker may get away with this deficiency, if that's what it can be called, because of his different type of role, then Cooper cannot. Kennedy never got to grips with Cooper, but, to be fair, he wasn't given a lot of cover in a rearguard that left enough space for a couple of Jumbo Jets to touch down with room to spare.

Gordon Smith, more stolen from Kilmarnock than bought for only £65,000, adds a vital and valuable contribution to Rangers' front line. He is skilful, always puts the accent on pure soccer talent and knows how to score and make goals. He hit three against Aberdeen. They were three good goals from three different positions.

I know this must read like a catalogue of misery for any Dons fan, but I think it is important to look at those goals to see how they were scored. Two came from crosses off the left, two came from crosses off the right and Smith's second goal and the penalty decision came after through balls.

That shows an alarming lack of cover all over the place! And it is a true reflection. I know Rangers' fine form may have made Aberdeen look bad, but I must admit Aberdeen didn't help their own cause. They looked lost at Ibrox, hardly the team I expected to see.

I had watched them twice on the television the previous two weeks. I saw them beat Partick Thistle 2-1 at Pittodrie and I also witnessed their 1-1 draw with Motherwell at Fir Park. I am the first to admit that television showings often do not give you a true representation of an entire game in their often hastily edited highlights crammed in around ten or fifteen minutes, but I wasn't very impressed by these showings from Aberdeen and that was why I was so keen to see them at Ibrox.

There can be no hiding from the fact . . . Aberdeen were woeful against Rangers. They were a ragged outfit with seldom anything going right for them. It's always easy to be wise after the event, but I thought McNeill might have pushed on substitute Dominic Sullivan long before he did so in the second-half. Miller was getting far too much time and space to add his power to attacks and a direct right wing raider such as Sullivan would have helped keep him quiet.

by ALEX GORDON

Joe Harper was rarely seen as an attacking force and he looked frustrated long before the final blast of the referee's whistle. Left-back Chic McLelland was being caught out of position continually and sweeper and skipper Willie Miller found himself with too much to do. Centre-half Willie Garner was unsteady and there was little support in the middle of the park. Robb, like I said earlier, just couldn't get started and Drew Jarvie, normally an ideas man in this department, had to spend most of his time backtracking and tackling. It's not the role he was built for.

Aberdeen had earned the reputation as a workmanlike force with their displays earlier in the season. Many were tipping them as potential champions, but, on their showing at Ibrox, they looked more suited to relegation. They lost the place completely and ended up sagging at the knees like a heavyweight boxer who has taken too many of Muhammad Ali's best punches. There was anger in the ranks, too, and the frustration spread throughout the team. Players who should have been combining with each other appeared to be arguing while the game was going on.

The Dons will want to forget this game in a hurry. I certainly do not believe this was an accurate picture of their true form. They have too many fine individual players to struggle like this, but they will have to prove they can take some punches to the jaw and keep on going.

When Alex MacDonald nodded in that sixth goal it was the ninth goal put past Clark in three games. Two of the previous goals came from Belgium's RW Molenbeek in the UEFA Cup tie at Pittodrie, a game Aberdeen were expected to win after drawing 0-0 away from home. The first goal came after a cross from the right wing and the second arrived near the end when Willie Garner swiped at a through ball, missed and a Belgian raider took it in his stride before moving on confidently and driving a wicked low shot into the net.

The Dons appeared to be unlucky in this match. They had hammered away at the Molenbeek goal and often had goalkeeper Ruiter under extreme pressure, but all they had to show for their efforts at the end of the evening was a solitary effort from Drew Jarvie.

On that same night Rangers also were hurtling out of Europe with all the finesse of an elephant with cramp. They had been held to a 0-0 draw by Twente Enschede in the first leg of their European Cup Winners' Cup tie at Ibrox and they went to Holland hoping to make history. On two previous occasions they had been held to goalless draws in first legs at Ibrox — by Leeds United and Newcastle — and gone out in the second games. They were determined this would not happen again. But, alas, it did.

Stewart Kennedy was a bit too adventurous in coming for a cross ball from the right wing and it was neatly headed into the net. Alex Miller was then exposed by the speed of a Dutch raider on the wing who set up No. 2 for Arni Muhren. Goal No. 3 came in the second half, an unstoppable, raging 18-yard effort from Kirk Van Der Vall.

And that was the end of another European dream for the Ibrox club, who have always set their sights on doing well in this field although they went out the previous year in the European Cup in the first round to Swiss side Zurich and the year before that they took their exit in the second round from St. Etienne, of France.

Dundee United tip-toed out of the UEFA Cup after losing to Danish amateurs Bold Klub, of Copenhagen. The Tannadice men won 1-0 in Scotland, but enhanced their reputation as only being a good 'home' team when they were walloped 3-0 in Denmark. Now Scotland's European hopes rest rather shakily on Celtic in the Champions' Cup.

I say rather shakily because, to be honest, I can't really see Celtic making much progress in Europe this year.

These are the questions . . . we'll have to wait for the answers.

...and what of Warsaw?

The BRIAN GLANVILLE column

THE contrast between UEFA's behaviour over Manchester United and over the Lobo-Solti case, which drags its weary length across the seasons, is instructive and depressing. By sheer chance, they came to consider both almost simultaneously, the initial, misbegotten decision by the Disciplinary over Manchester United coming exactly a day before the Executive Committee discussed Lobo-Solti in Warsaw.

Both matters seem to me to have been handled with intolerable crassness, though the Appeals Committee when it subsequently met in Zurich went some way towards rectifying the injustice done to Manchester United. Some way, but not entirely. The most relevant and outrageous aspect of the two cases, however, was that UEFA should initially deal with Manchester United in four days, while they were still temporising and procrastinating over Lobo-Solti after four years!

Manchester United first. Let me say at once that I have nothing but distaste for the young thugs who follow the club around the country looking for violence and causing havoc. Early in the season, in the SUNDAY TIMES, I suggested that an ounce of prevention was worth a ton of cure, that the way to deal with hooliganism was simply to impose a ban on all travel by fans to away matches. Stringent, perhaps, but surely necessary. The situation has long passed a stage when it can in any valid way be controlled by the clubs. To say that they have shirked their duties, have not sufficiently condemned when condemnation was due, may be true, but is hardly apposite.

When Tottenham Hotspur's supporters rioted viciously at the Feyenoord v. Spurs UEFA Cup match in Rotterdam, the club's own officials pleaded with them to behave themselves to no avail whatsoever. Tommy Docherty went on to the pitch on one occasion to try and reason with United's fans.

The problem will be seen in its proper dimensions only when it is appreciated that ultimately it has nothing to do with football at all. The disaffection, the environment, the brutalised behaviour, are all there, looking for an outlet. Football provides it almost perfectly; the allegiance, the fighting clans, the improbability of detection and punishment. In its way, this hooliganism is an inverse and unwanted tribute to the great popularity of the game, the hold it has on the country's imagination.

Once we realise this, we must also realise that to bring about any change in the condition which has produced and released such forces must be a greatly problematical business, and one which, even were the financial resources there in this time of want, would take a very long time. Savage punishment is not at all the answer; it would simply represent a form of interaction with the behaviour of the violent young, and make more criminals than it cured.

UEFA would themselves had had every excuse, at the start of the season, for placing a ban on all Manchester United fans travelling to support their team. The record of United's fans on the Continent has, over the years, been an appalling one, even though last season it improved. UEFA could have used as their valid excuse the fact that United's fans were still, at that time, banned from travelling in England, following their excesses at Norwich.

Instead, they and Saint Etienne made the worst of all worlds. Saint Etienne, in the first place, should have taken much more seriously United's warnings that their fans needed to be segregated. Bleating that it was impossible for them to do so because the game was to be played in a municipal stadium which they themselves did not own was a thoroughly dishonest evasion. Thus, when United's fans came into the ground — many of them having been most aggressively searched by the police; an inoffensive married woman from Horsham had bruises on her arms in consequence — they were showered with urine, pelted with bread and bottles. Of course they reacted and when they did the French police, as so often, over-reacted.

Swinging

Where British policemen would have been in among the fans on the terraces, dragging out those who were causing trouble, the French, not even there at all at the beginning, took a look, didn't like what they saw, went back for reinforcements, then plunged in, swinging their batons. British police have quelled far more serious riots with no use of their truncheons at all.

There seems little doubt from the reports I've received that the French police were whacking all and sundry — provided they were United fans — even, according to one witness, enjoying themselves. For once in a while — the only analogy I can recall is a game at West Ham a couple of seasons ago — Manchester United's fans were more sinned against than sinning.

It was hardly encouraging when the Disciplinary Committee which judged their case contained no fewer than three of those who had made such a deplorable hash of the Solti-Lobo affair in Zurich, four and a half years earlier; Wouters of Belgium, Petra of Czechoslovakia, Porola of Finland. To say that United, when eventually winning their appeal, brought forward new facts is as much as to say that the Disciplinary Committee either failed to collect or totally ignored those facts which were manifestly there.

I have said before, and say again, that to treat a club's fans as their virtual agents in law when they are playing away from home is ridiculous. To whitewash Saint Etienne, their supporters and the French police was worse; it suggested a lamentable subjectivity. This left the appeals committee in a quandary. Simple logic and justice demanded that they let United back into the competition. At the same time, they had to save the face of their organisation and its inept Disciplinary Committee.

Meanwhile, what of Warsaw? At first, no word at all. Then, in reply to my telexes, a telex from the Secretary, Hans Bangerter:

> *The Investigation Committee have instructed me not to give any information as you have refused to collaborate with them. Can however inform you that the matter is now in the hands of a lawyer.*

My first response was to wonder what on earth the so-called Investigating Committee, that impotent and ineffectual body composed of two busy men, Lucien Schmidlin of Switzerland and Jacques Georges of France, with no proper support, was still doing in the case. It had been six long months since, in the SUNDAY TIMES, we had published a document, signed by the referee-briber Dezso Solti, which made it quite clear that Juventus had employed him; even if it was two years before he went to Portugal and tried to bribe Lobo to referee in Juventus' favour against Derby County in the European Cup semi-final.

The petulant reference to my "refusal to collaborate" concerns the committee's request, after publication of the document, to me to come to see them in Switzerland. I refused as I had published all that I knew and could prove, and did not wish to become a party to further deplorable time wasting. For me, the committee had served whatever purpose it had ever had (I never saw it as much else than a sop to the public) and should have been given a decent burial.

What I'd expected (hoped for?) was a reconstitution of the Disciplinary Committee, a re-opening of the case, a bringing of Juventus to the bar. Instead, "the matter" has been passed to "a lawyer." Could not that have been done six months ago? Why was it not done six months ago? I think I can answer most of those questions. Can't you?

Canada left high

THE Federacion Boliviana de Futbol, controlling body of the game in Bolivia, cancelled their international game scheduled for La Paz on September 17 against Canada giving the Canadians a scant three days notice.

Canada, already on its way to Bolivia via Trinidad and Costa Rica received the news in San Jose the day before they were due to fly down to La Paz. The reason the Bolivians gave for the cancellation was that they were unable to put a team together in time.

It was a great disappointment for the Canadians who were hoping for a game at high altitude before going to Mexico in October to play their vital second round World Cup games against El Salvador, Haiti, Guatemala, Surinam and Mexico. It was also no doubt a disappointment for the Hungarians who were hoping to get a look at the Bolivians before their upcoming World Cup games.

Altogether the entire Canadian tour did not work out too well with all four games being drawn, two in Trinidad and two in Costa Rica. In Trinidad they played a local team and then tied Trinidad and Tobago 1-1 in a full international. Godfrey Harris scored for Trinidad in the 60th minute only for Peter Roe to equalise for Canada with ten minutes left to play. In Costa Rica the Canadians tied with Deportivo Herediano and Sport Cartaguines.

Canadian coach Eckhard Krautzun took 20 players on the trip but when the team got home dropped three of them from the 22 registered with FIFA for the vital games in Mexico. The players selected to the World Cup team are.

Goalkeepers: Zeljko Bilecki (Toronto Metros-Croatia), Tony Chursky (Seattle Sounders), Tino Lettieri (Minnesota Kicks). Defenders: Robert Iarusci (New York Cosmos), Bruce Twamley (Minnesota Kicks), Bobby Lenarduzzi, Sam Lenarduzzi, Bruce Wilson, Garry Ayre and Brian Robinson (all Vancouver Whitecaps). *Midfield:* Milovan Bakic (Rochester Lancers), Wes McLeod (Tampa Bay Rowdies), Brian Gant (Portland Timbers), Bob Bolitho (Vancouver Whitecaps), Peter Roe and Gene Strenicer (both Toronto Metros-Croatia). *Forwards:* Victor Kodelja (Team Hawaii), John McGrane (Los Angeles Aztecs), Ike MacKay (Portland Timbers), Brian Budd, Buzz Parsons and Gary Thompson (all Vancouver Whitecaps).

Key member

A surprise omission from the team is Johnny Kerr of the Washington Diplomats who was a key member of last year's team. Kerr made the trip south and was expected to make the team.

Stephen Feeney of the Irish League club Bangor City who attended the Canadian team training camp in Toronto was dropped from the squad earlier even though many observers thought he should have been included. Feeney found the training very tough after the more casual approach in Ireland but as he became fitter certainly showed that he had the ability to make the team.

HUNT—STAR OF COSMOS

From COLIN JOSE

WHEN one thinks of the New York Cosmos these days three names spring instantly to mind — Pele, Chingalia and Beckenbaurer. But when the Cosmos (as they now prefer to be known) beat the Seattle Sounders in Soccer Bowl 77 to win the North American Soccer League championship for the second time, the name on everyone's lips was that of Steve Hunt, a player whose name does not even appear in the the club's press guide.

Hunt was obtained on loan from Aston Villa just before the NASL season started, a virtual unknown, but he quickly won a starting position on the forward line with Pele and Chinaglia, scoring eight goals and assisting on ten others during the regular season. However, it was in the play-offs that he made his biggest impact scoring four goals and assisting on seven others including scoring the first goal in the final and setting up the winner for Chingalia.

A record crowd of 35,548 for a Soccer Bowl had come to see Pele play what appears to be his final competitive game — many of them hoping perhaps that the legendary Brazilian would go out in a blaze of glory leading his team to victory. But on this day it was Hunt and not Pele who provided the spark that took the championship back to New York.

With the game a little more than 18 minutes old Chinaglia hit a long through pass for Hunt to run on to, but it was too far ahead of him and Seattle goalkeeper Tony Chursky easily gathered it in on the edge of the penalty area. Chursky turned his back on Hunt to roll the ball towards the centre of the penalty area before clearing not realising until it was too late that the Cosmos winger was still with him.

Somehow Hunt got his foot to the ball as Chursky dropped it and it rolled slowly and tantalisingly towards the empty net with both players in persuit. In the struggle Chursky stepped in Hunt's heel and both players fell ending up in the net with the ball. The Cosmos were ahead and it was Hunt's alert heads up play that was responsible.

Afterwards a dejected Tony Chursky said: "I take full responsibility for the goal," explaining that, "I took the ball off Steve Hunt then turned to roll the ball towards the centre of the penalty area for a better angle to kick it from. I didn't realise that Hunt had followed me and I didn't hear Mel Machin shout." When the game was over Chursky told me that Gordon Banks came into the Seattle dressing room and commiserated with him, something that really impressed the young Canadian.

It was a closely fought game and Chursky made spectacular saves on two free kicks from Pele and Beckenbauer. At half time Cosmos coach Eddie Firmani gambled putting on Vito Dimitrijevic in midfield for Terry Garbett thus adding that little bit of extra skill. Dimitijevic, although not 100 per cent fit, responded and as a result the Cosmos had more of the play in the second half.

But in the end it was Hunt, who had worried the Seattle defence all afternoon, who made the final decisive move beating Machin on the outside and pulling the ball back into the middle for Chinaglia to head the winner.

Seattle with 13 minutes left went after the equaliser but now the experience of Beckenbauer took over switching from his midfield role to that of sweeper. When the final whistle blew Pele run over and gave his shirt to young Jim McAlister of the Sounders, an American boy who had just completed an outstanding season. It was a fittting end to a fine game a game that climaxed the greatest season ever for professional soccer in North America.

The NASL final was televised to 10 different countries and shown throughout various parts of the United States but not across the entire country. Oddly enough the game was not shown at all in Canada where the CBC televised a lot of regular season NASL games, pointing up just one of the inconsistancies of soccer coverage in North America.

SOCCER BOWL 77

North American Soccer League Final
Cosmos 2 (Hunt 19:05, Chinaglia 77:19)
Seattle Sounders 1 (Ord 23:13)

Cosmos: Messing: Smith, Roth, Alberto, Morais: Garbett (Dimitrijevic), Beckenbauer, Field: Chinaglia, Pele, Hunt.

Seattle: Chursky: Machin, Gillett, England, McAlister: Webster, Buttle, Robertson (Jenkins): Scott, Ord, Cave (Butler).

Referee: Toros Kibritjian (Los Angeles)

Civic Stadium, Portland, Oregon 35,548 (NASL record for a final)

Pictures by Peter Robinson

and dry

Feeney told me that he would like to return to Canada and certainly on the ability displayed in Toronto would be an asset to most clubs in the North American Soccer League, more especially as he would qualify as a North American.

Krautzun feels that Canada has an outside chance of winning the tournament in Mexico and so going on to the World Cup finals for the first time. However, the fact that most of Canada's opponents play so very few internationals makes it difficult to assess the chances of any team with the exception of Mexico who are the favourites.

Sam Lenarduzzi who has now played 37 times for Canada says: "I'd say we have a fair chance of winning it. This is one of the best teams we have ever put together, plus we have excellent coaching. Another factor in our favour is that we have basically the same players as last year, and the experience we gained then will count for a lot."

However, Canadian captain Bruce Wilson thinks: "We will do well if we finish in the top three," and also points out that some members of the U.S. national team think that Surinam could spring a surprise. The U.S. national team tied two games against Surinam last year.

Certainly this tournament shapes up as begin a very even one and it is unlikely that whoever wins will make a clean sweep of all their five games. Mexico should win it but if all the teams take points off one another as may well happen any one of the six could slip in.

Chinaglia of Cosmos.

COSMOS — 1977

	Born/Citizen	Previous Clubs
Goalkeepers		
Shep Messing	U.S.A.	Boston Minutemen
Erol Yasin	Turkey	Galatasaray
Defenders		
Carlos Alberto	Brazil	Flamengo, Santos
Charlie Aitken	Scotland	Aston Villa
Mike Dillon	England	Tottenham Hotspur
Keith Eddy	England	Sheffield United
Paul Hunter	Canada	U. of Connecticut
Nelsi Morais	Brazil	Santos
Rildo	Brazil	Santos
Werner Roth	Yugoslavia/USA	
Bob Smith	U.S.A.	Philadelphia Atoms
Midfield		
Franz Beckenbauer	West Germany	Bayern Munich
Vito Dimitijevic	Yugoslavia	Olimpija Ljubljana
Terry Garbett	England	Sheffield United
Ramon Mifflin	Peru	Santos, Sporting Cristal
Tony Field	England	Sheffield United
Forwards		
Giorgio Chinaglia	Italy	Lazio
Gary Etherington	England/U.S.A.	Annandale Caveliers
Steve Hunt	England	Aston Villa
Pele	Brazil	Santos
Jomo Sono	South Africa	Orlando
Jadranko Topic	Yugoslavia	Velez Mostar
Coach		
Eddie Firmani	South Africa	Sampdoria, Inter-Milan

SEATTLE SOUNDERS

	Born/Citizen	Previous Clubs
Goalkeepers		
Tony Chursky	Canada	Simon Fraser University
Mike Ivanow	China/U.S.A.	San Jose Earthquakes
Defenders		
Dave Gillett	Scotland	Crewe
Adrian Webster	England	Colchester United
Mike England	Wales	Tottenham Hotspur
Jim McAlister	U.S.A.	
Mel Machin	England	Norwich City, Bournemouth
Midfield		
Tom Jenkins	England	Swindon Town
Steve Buttle	England	Bournemouth
Mickey Cave	England	Bournemouth
Bruce Rudroff	U.S.A.	St. Louis University
Tommy Ord	England	Vancouver Whitecaps
Forwards		
Dave Butler	England	Atherstone (Southern League)
Paul Crossley	England	Chester, Tranmere Rovers
Jimmy Robertson	Scotland	Stoke City, Ipswich Town
Jockey Scott	Scotland	Aberdeen, Dundee
Coach		
Jimmy Gabriel	Scotland	Southampton, Everton, Dundee

International Microscope

Doherty—all-time great for N. Ireland

by ERIC BATTY

	P	W	D	L	goals F	A
Albania	2	1	1	0	5	2
Argentina	1	0	0	1	1	3
Belgium	1	0	0	1	0	2
Bulgaria	2	0	1	1	0	3
Cyprus	4	3	0	1	11	1
Czechoslovakia	2	2	0	0	3	1
England	84	6	13	65	78	295
France	5	1	1	3	5	14
Germany, West	5	0	1	4	6	15
Greece	2	1	0	1	3	2
Holland	4	1	2	1	4	7
Iceland	1	0	0	1	0	1
Israel	1	1	0	0	3	2
Italy	4	1	1	2	6	7
Mexico	1	1	0	0	4	1
Norway	2	1	0	1	4	2
Poland	2	2	0	0	4	0
Portugal	4	1	3	0	6	3
Scotland	82	13	11	58	75	247
Spain	2	0	0	2	2	9
Sweden	2	1	0	1	3	2
Switzerland	2	1	0	1	2	2
Turkey	2	2	0	0	7	1
Uruguay	1	1	0	0	3	0
U.S.S.R.	4	0	2	2	1	4
Wales	84	26	19	39	123	174
Yugoslavia	2	1	0	1	1	1
Totals	308	68	55	185	371	800

NORTHERN IRELAND has for many years produced a great many professional players for English clubs who, regretfully, have not always released their Irish players for international matches. Obviously, this inability to obtain the release of their best players has often made all the difference between defeat and victory and is reflected in Northern Ireland's overall record.

I couldn't write about Northern Ireland without mentioning Peter Doherty . . . "Peter the great" as I knew him as a boy. He only earned 16 caps with much of his career interfered with by the war but his international span lasted over 16 years from 1935 until 1951 when, while he was playing for Doncaster Rovers, Ireland chose him to play against Scotland. Doherty, without doubt, was one of the greatest players I ever saw.

But as a team, Northern Ireland's finest achievement came in the 1958 World Cup. In the qualifying round they eliminated Portugal who were not a bad side at that time and also Italy, which was perhaps the biggest shock of the 1958 qualifying competition. The Italians used several players born in South America, of alleged Italian descent . . . players like Juan Schiaffino who had helped Uruguay win the World Cup in 1950 and reach the semi-finals in 1954 before joining AC Milan.

The mainspring of that Irish team was their midfield where Danny Blanchflower of Tottenham and Jimmy McIlroy of Burnley were the key figures. In the final stages Ireland beat Czechoslovakia 1-0 and drew 2-2 with West Germany to end up sharing second place on points with the Czechs. A play off was called for and Ireland beat Czechoslovakia 2-1 to reach the quarter finals.

There they fell foul of the French team coached by Albert Batteux and based on his club side Reims, European Cup finalists in 1956, plus Raymond Kopa who spent the bulk of his career with Reims but was at that time doing a two year stint with Real Madrid.

With outstanding players like Kopa, Robert Jonquet at centre half and Just Fontaine, the cannon who hammered in goals fed to him by Kopa, France beat Ireland 4-0 but unusually, Ireland and Wales had done better than England or Scotland by reaching the quarter finals.

Indeed, it was quite on the cards that if Ireland had met Yugoslavia, Wales or Russia, they might even have reached the last four, for France together with Sweden and Brazil were quite the best teams in the final stages of that competition.

Since the retirement of Blanchflower and McIlroy little has gone right for Northern Ireland, largely because they have never had an adequate replacement for either man where it counts most . . . in midfield. They have had George Best of course, who from time to time, inspired his colleagues to the odd win but overall, the standard of players available to Northern Ireland team managers has never again reached the high standard of around 1958.

Playing abroad in strange conditions and on variable pitches makes international football more hazardous today than ever before, particularly with defensive tactics so prevalent. Undoubtedly this has added to Northern Ireland's difficulties away from home, for if their recent (post-war) record in Belfast against foreign opposition is quite good, they have seldom done well outside the British Isles.

This was never underlined so much as when they were beaten 1-0 by little Iceland in the current World Cup qualifying competition, where the gale force wind to which the home players are accustomed does as much as anything to make life doubly difficult for visitors.

Pitches and tactics

But even in matches against the other British home countries, whose players, pitches and tactics they are very familiar with, Ireland's record is not a good one. For example, almost 100 years of playing against England have brought only six Irish victories out of 84 encounters and one of them was in 1972 at Wembley when England's ineptitude contributed as much as anything to the result.

In matches against Scotland and Wales, Ireland have done better, recording a total of 39 victories in 166 outings but as the figures above show, even Wales have the edge on Northern Ireland overall.

Ireland's current manager is Danny Blanchflower, a real Irish character despite his many years of living in England, and a man who deserves success. Outspoken but without berating everyone else in the game, Danny has a sharp wit, and is a mine of amusing football tales, and he has undoubtedly got the ability to lift his players to above average performances.

Above all he is no lover of defensive football which makes him a man after my own heart. But unfortunately, the Irish FA chose a time to give Blanchflower their team, when they have never been shorter of forwards, particularly a man, any man who can get goals, and Blanchflower is going to have to earn any success the hard way.

Advice for England?

GIUSEPPE DI MARZIO, Napoli coach, recently announced how he thought Juventus could be beaten. His advice might be relevant to England against an Italy relying heavily on Juve. "Keep the pressure on the full backs, especially Gentile," said Di Marzio, "and close down not so much on Causio himself, but on the space ahead of him. Lastly, don't let you full back stray too far from the left wing — that's where Bettega and Bennetti like to sneak through."

England know that already. It was a Causio-Benetti-Bettega move which provided the killer goal in Rome a year ago.

FRANCE TO CLINCH PLACE

FRANCE

by Andre Duclos

ALL being well, this should be the month when France makes sure of a place in the World Cup Finals in Argentina. Not that the clash with Bulgaria in Paris which rounds off our group can in any way be taken as a formality. We have had too many contests with Bulgaria in the World Cup over the years to make the mistake of thinking that; and in any case, Michel Hidalgo, our manager, is not a presumptuous man.

But in front of a Parisian crowd, with a referee who will not be intimidated, as referees tend to be these days in Sofia, France must surely be favourites to win, and finish the job. This is the healthiest season in French football for years, even if Saint Etienne no longer represent us in the European Cup. Gates are up — there were nearly 40,000 in Lyon to see the recent 2-2 draw against Saint Etienne — and there is no doubt that qualificiation for Argentina would be another splendid boost.

Meanwhile, the various Argentinian players in our football are having some strange ups and downs; none more so than Carlos Bianchi. For years the star and splendour of Reims, leading League scorer time and again, despite the lack of support, the indifference of club's results, and the setback of a broken leg, Bianchi, as you must know, joined Paris Saint Germain last summer. His early form for the club, alas, was not good, and Jean-Michel Larqué, the new manager, fresh from the midfield of Saint Etienne, did not hesitate to drop him.

That must have taken courage, but it was still very sad that it should happen, very sad that such a magnificently consistent goalscorer should fail, having at long last left the club he served so loyally, to be as prolific with his new one.

Energies

Largué himself, by the way, did not last long in the role of player-manager, quickly deciding that management should absorb all his engeries. Understandable, though again, it seems a shame that we should have seen the last of so young and good a player, one whose influence in the midfield of Saint Etienne is quite clearly missed.

A happier Argentinian is the Monaco midfielder, the long-haired, greatly gifted Raoul Noguès. Scorer of the winning goal in the 1976 Cup Final for Olympique Marseille against Lyon, he had a bad time last season with Marseille, but seems much happier in the Principality, where he has a fellow Argentinian in that other prolific striker, Delio Onnis. Noguès shares the enthusiasm of yet a third Argentinian, the big Saint Etienne centre-half Oswaldo Piazza, for Onnis' deadly finishing.

Noguès is 25 now, and is one of several players from the Buenos Aires club Chacarita Juniors to try their luck in France, among them Marcos and Bargas — the Nantes defender. After last season's setbacks, he is enjoying his football again.

He has already played for France Under 23, having retained a double nationality, thanks to a Basque grandfather, and the fact that he did his Army service; which, he said, given its attendant travelling, virtually wasted a year of his career as a footballer. He insists that football has not yet seen the last of Hector Yazalde, now back with Independiente of Buenos Aires, as a force, despite his tribulations with Marseille. For the generous Noguès, Yazalde is a gentleman and a splendid player; a fact to which his international status and the many goals he once scored in Portugal would seem to testify.

Good crowd

Though he has his disappointments at Marseille, Noguès admits that he learned much there, particularly from the then manager, Jules Zvunka, who taught him to be less of an individualist and work with the rest of the team. It was disappointing to him to lose at home to Marseille 3-2 in an early match, after he himself had nodded Monaco into the lead after 15 minutes, but the 8,555 spectators who were present that day constituted, believe it or not, a very good crowd for Monaco, and the team, with yet another Argentinian in the centre-back Correa in its ranks — he too a good friend of Noguès — seems well set for a good season.

Back from successful years abroad, both as a player with VfB Stuttgart and as player-manager in Switzerland with Xamax Neuchatel, Gilbert Gress is an interesting addition to French managers. He has taken over at Strasbourg, where he, like Largué, has given up playing. Gress says that when he first got to Switzerland there were several player-managers, but that in no time at all, he was the only one left.

Problems

There were two great problems, he said. You yourself had to be very well balanced, and you had to have very good support. At the beginning, he admits, it was the manager in him which predominated, so that the player suffered. At Strasbourg, too, he might in fact have become player-manager, but the Swiss Club insisted on keeping his registration as a player, which means that the Alsatian team would have had to pay a fee. He is now 36 years old, but as he so rightly says, there are young men of 36 and old men of 27.

Asked on his views about the situation of Larqué, he said that it was quite clear that Larqué, at 31, was young enough to continue to excel in First Division football. But it all would depend on being "very solid morally and psychologically". In any case, as we have seen, the matter is academic; Larqué has hung up his distinguished boots.

It should be added that Carlos Bianchi, like the good sportsman he is, was very understanding and mature about being substituted then dropped by Larqué. "I have lost my body swerve," he said. "I understand the decision of Jean-Michel Larqué. He was right." I've a feeling that well before you read this, Bianchi will have got both his swerve and place back.

Dominique Rocheteau of St. Etienne.

Linesman Carlos Aranguran is helped off by police after being knocked-out by an object thrown from the stands during the Boca Juniors-Estudiantes game on the former's ground. The match was suspended for 19 minutes with no score (Boca were fielding a reserve team) and the Boca ground was closed for two games. When the match was continued two weeks later on Racing's ground, Boca fielded a full strength side and won 1-0.

Boca 'reserves' keep in touch

CHAMPIONS Boca Juniors have fielded reserve teams in 13 of their 28 Metropolitan First Division matches this season while resting their first team players for the Libertadores Cup (now won) . . . and they are fourth in the table.

During their last three games the side even looked more like a third team while they had 18 players away for the cup final games against Cruzeiro. While they have excellent reserves — playing the same kind of strong defence and counter-attack games — they have dropped a considerable number of points (picking up only two from their last four matches), but they have stayed in contention as other likely title challengers River Plate and Velez Sarsfield have also faltered with their full teams.

In Britain clubs may frequently play several matches a week with full-strength teams, but Boca coach Juan Carlos Lorenzo had a point when he said that in Europe — where he has had considerable coaching experience — players are fitter, have a more professional approach and lead a healthier life in more apt surroundings.

Boca Juniors might even be topping the table in spite of all if River Plate had not got over the bad patch just in time, after losing a big lead, to win four games in a row. The whole team has been showing improved form, but forward Marchetti made a big difference with six goals in three matches. This came following further internal trouble among players who were asking for more money, mianly because there is a big difference in pay collected by River Plate players.

The continual surprise is the poor form of Huracan who line-up four current internationals — goalkeeper Baley, defender Carascosa, half Ardiles and winger Houseman — and forward Saldaño who was also in the national squad until recently. Coach Juarez, like national team coach Menotti who took the club to their only league title in 1973 and who played with Juarez for Rosario Central, insists on good soccer, but it is difficult when the team has to fight against the threat of relegation week after week. Huracan are five places from the bottom and three teams are due for relegation this season.

In the mediocre standard of most teams one player often makes all the difference. Leading scorer Nanni kept Lanus in the forefront until his transfer to Spain. Racing Club do well when their record transfer international half Villa is in form and little Argentinos Juniors shot up the table with a lengthy unbeaten run mostly due to the skills of Maradona, Argentina's youngest international at 16, but his recent absence due to injury has made Argentinos Juniors look a very ordinary team again.

...new league in Bolivia

IN BOLIVIA a crisis and possible state intervention of the FA was averted by the latter body's indirect approval of the newly-formed Major League composed of the country's 16 strongest clubs who broke away from their respective provincial leagues.

Up to now the national champion had been chosen in a tournament at the end of the season in which leading clubs from the various leagues participated, but the new set-up is designed to give strong clubs constant strong opposition in a strong league, thereby improving the standard of Bolivian soccer. The idea had been brewing in the minds of the big clubs for some time, but it was precipitated by the poor performance of the Bolivian team in the World Cup qualifying South American final zone. The new league started its fixtures on September 18.

PERU THROUGH TO ARGENTINA

PERU were only beaten 1-0 by one of the World Cup favourites, Brazil, in the South American final qualifying round for the World Cup in July which nevertheless put them into next year's finals for only the third time (previous final appearances: 1930 in Montevideo, 1970 in Mexico). But it was rather a case of Brazil's poor performance almost losing them the game than Peru's good play almost winning it.

This game, played in Cali, was the last of six matches (three won, two drawn, one defeat) which took Peru to the finals and it showed exactly what was wrong with the team — age and soccer years weighing heavily on their shoulders . . . and lack of fitness. Peru gave Brazil all the room in the world as they were slow. True, the team included such famous names as defender Chumpitaz, forwards Cubillas, Sotil and Rojas (while winger Ramirez was also on hand) from the 1970 World Cup final team which played such good soccer, as well as defender Melendez (who would have been in that famous side if he had not been playing for Boca Juniors in Argentine at the time), but they were all fading stars and, like the rest of the team, in poor physical shape. Their slow-motion skill was still enough to gain the second qualifying place against Bolivia (5-0), but it was a hollow victory.

Peru are the current South American champions — a title they won under present coach Marcos Calderon in 1975 when both Brazil and Argentina lined up provincial instead of full national selections in the tournament. As already mentioned in World Soccer at the time, Peru was the first country to start preparing for the South American qualifying group games under Alejandro Heredia with a squad of mostly young players.

Heredia had been Waldir Pereira "Didi's" assistant when the Brazilian coach took the team to the 1970 World Cup finals in Mexico, but Heredia's work did not meet with the approval of soccer officials, press and fans who wanted "big names" in the squad. Heredia was against bringing back former internationals with foreign clubs for the qualifying games. Results of a lengthy series of warm-up matches were not good and the government declared World Cup preparations of vital national interest and formed a committee to take over preparations.

Action

Its first action was to sack Heredia and recall Calderon. Then it helped to get back Peruvian players with clubs abroad (Chumpitaz, Sotil, Muñante, Cubillas, Rojas, etc.), most of them being transferred back to Peruvian clubs in time to play in World Cup qualifying games against Chile and Ecuador.

Peru won that group by a point against Chile who also relied heavily on former World Cup players with foreign clubs, which they brought back for the occasion. Then Peru took second place in the three-team final round because a poor team like Bolivia managed to gain a place which only shows up the general poor standard of South American soccer at the moment.

Now Peru is in the finals with a lot of ageing, past their best, former stars of undoubted skills but no longer with the speed to carry them out . . . and a coach who is thought to lack the experience for the class of soccer to be encountered in the World Cup finals. He is also prone to press and other criticism, bowing to its whims by including name players.

There are no players of real class coming up in Peru to replace these worn-out stars . . . and even if they crop up, they will not have the international experience needed for next year's finals. So Peru look "easy meat" for almost any team likely to have them in their first round group.

HOW THEY QUALIFIED: South American group 3: Feb. 22 v Ecuador (a) 1-1; Mar. 6 v Chile (a) 1-1; Mar. 12 v Ecuador (h) 4-0; Mar. 26 v Chile (h) 2-0 (Standing: Peru 6 pts, Chile 5, Ecuador 1). **South American final group** (at Cali): July 10 v Brazil 0-1; July 17 v Bolivia 5-0. Standing: Brazil 4 pts, Peru 2, Bolivia 0). Peru played 6, won 3, drew 2, lost 1, goals 13-3.
PLAYERS USED (16): All six games — Quiroga (goal, Argentine born), Melendez, Chumpitaz, Diaz, Velazquez, Rojas, Muñante, Sotil, Oblitas. 5 — Quesada. 4 — Cubillas, Navarro. 3 — Soria, Ramirez. 2 — Lucas. 1 — Aparicio. **Scorers:** Oblitas 4, Velazquez 3, Cubillas 2.

Tickets on sale

WORLD CUP tickets went on sale in Argentina on September 17 — or rather vouchers exchangeable for tickets 45 or 60 days before the tournament, thereby minimising the risk of forgery. Sales are being handled by agencies of Argentina's official bank, the Banco de la Nacion, throughout the country and will continue until January 28.

There was an unexpected rush on the first day with people queuing up all night at some banks to get tickets for matches between as yet unknown rivals, but the majority of tickets sold were for Argentina's three first-round group games. There are 42 different types of "season tickets" on sale covering a variety of combinations of matches. Twenty-nine of the higher-priced ones can be paid for in five instalments.

The eventual tickets are expected to look like those for the recent series of international games against European teams (including England and Scotland) in Buenos Aires, showing a clock face with the time of the game and a plan of the stadium indicating the location of the seat and the access door as well as directions on how to get to the stadium.

Tickets are being sold abroad through Argentine Airlines agencies or their correspondents in a "packet" combining fare and hotel accommodation. Not more than around 40,000 of these "packets" will be sold and, according to General Antonio Merlo, head of the Argentine World Cup Committee (EAM 78), these "packets" are limited by stadium rather than hotel capacity. This statement does not stand up to statistics, however. At venues like the seaside resort of Mar del Plata, hotel capacity far outstrips that of the stadium for 45,000. In Rosario, on the other hand, hotel accommodation available at the moment is only about 10 per cent of the stadium's 55,000 capacity.

Colo Colo lose

IN CHILE, Colo Colo's 13-game unbeaten run (10 wins, three draws), was ended by Union Española (3-1) just as the First Division championship reached its halfway stage which left the two clubs in joint leadership with last year's champions Everton.

Since then the three have continued to battle it out at the top and at press time Colo Colo and Union Española are leading Everton by a point.

The methods of this season's Colo Colo coach, former Hungarian World Cup star Ferenc Puskas, were not easily accepted by the players at the beginning of the season — he made them train harder than what they had been used to — but now they seem to have realised that it was the way to get results.

FLAMENGO TOP

IN BRAZIL, Flamengo have won seven games in a row after drawing 0-0 with second-placed Vasco da Gama to shoot to the top of the table of the Carioca League's second round.

Both clubs are unbeaten, but while Flamengo leads by two points they have only one more game to play while Vasco da Gama — winners of the first stage of the tournament — have two games left and a 25-0 goals record in 12 games.

Valdez confesses to

WHILE Spain's clubs go on stocking up with South Americans of dubious Spanish parental qualification, one of the men at the centre of the recent storm has admitted his role in the deception.

The player is Ruben Oscar Valdez, a sharp left-winger who joined Valencia from Platense of Buenos Aires seven years ago and made his debut for Spain in May 1972.

At the time everyone — including Spain's boss Ladislao Kubala — naively believed Valdez was officially qualified to play for Spain because his parents were Spanish and he had never represented Argentina at any level.

It is now clear that this was not true; that Spain were in clear breach of FIFA rules in playing Valdez, and not only did he play in several friendly internationals, but in World Cup qualifiers which brought Spain within a play-off of the 1974 Finals.

Valdez played in the 2-2 and 0-0 draws with Yugoslavia, scored twice in the 3-2 away win over Greece, played in the 3-1 home win and was in the team too for the play-off in Frankfurt which Yugoslavia won 1-0. Clearly, justice was done when the Slavs went on to the Finals.

Valdez's qualifications were first brought into question two years ago, when Real Sociedad de San Sebastian and Athletic Bilbao, two clubs traditionally reliant on local players, brought a series of court actions against a number of top players who, they claimed, were playing in Spain under false credentials.

One of the other players thus attacked was another Spanish international forward, Roberto Martinez of Espanol Barcelona and then Real Madrid.

All the players named by San Sebastian and Bilbao immediately went through the extra insurance of taking out Spanish citizenship, if they had been in the country the regulation two years, to ensure that they could continue to play in the championship whatever the outcome of the legal proceedings.

Valdez, now 28, was one of those who opted for the security of naturalisation. But that, of course, only persuaded observers to believe that he was admitting he had been in the wrong. Valdez and Co were only saved thanks to a general amnesty approved by the King to cover a whole series of minor offences.

And he has been free since to explain just how he became tangled up in Spanish soccer's biggest scandal.

Valdez bitterly insists that much of the fault lies with the transfer systems which treat footballers merely as objects, to be bought or sold at a whim.

He said: "I was asked if I would like to play in Spain. I asked how much I could earn and was told more than 50 times the amount I was getting with Platense. I said Yes — of course. I would have been mad not to.

"Then I was told not to worry about any of the details — these would all be resolved by the man dealing with my transfer."

SPANISH REFS IN TROUBLE

WITH THE Spanish league season only six weeks old, there have already been two highly-charged refereeing controversies.

In the past two years three top-class refs have been retired prematurely, protesting at players and fans and officials who don't know the laws of the game, and at administrators who are more concerned in playing politics.

It's impossible to believe that the two flare-ups we've seen so far will be the only incidents of the season.

Flare-up No. 1 was in the game in Seville between Betis and newly-promoted Cadiz. The referee was Jacinto des Sosa Martin, and several newspaper colleagues described his performance as the worst they had ever seen. For Spain, that's saying something!

His first major decision was to send off midfielder Julio Cardenosa after 20 minutes, for insulting him. Betis team-mate Antonio Benitez, who had protested, was booked. Nevertheless, though down to 10 men, Betis took the lead through the ever-dependable Garcia Soriano in the 36th minute and seemed to have reached half-time without further trouble.

However, a minute before the interval de Sosa awarded Betis a free kick for a foul on Benitez. The Betis captain had obviously twisted his ankle in falling, but referee de Sosa refused to allow the Betis masseur on to the pitch, sending instead for the Red Cross stretcher.

Benitez, not wanting to be carried off, immediately struggled to his feet and waved the stretcher-bearers away. De Sosa's reaction was to send him off for pretending to be injured.

That was too much for the crowd. Already up in arms about Cardenosa, they now grew threatening and, behind one goal, a mass of fans surged against the new fencing, smashed through the gate, and started pouring on to the pitch.

De Sosa immediately took the teams off.

The hold-up lasted 57 minutes — the police refusing permission for the game to continue, although they soon cleared the fans back to their places, until a detachment of reinforcements had been sent for.

Consequently the game restarted with the second half, with Betis a goal ahead but now down to nine men. Yet the disturbance had clearly upset the inexperienced Cadiz more than the Spanish Cup-holders. In the 56th minute newcomer Gordillo headed a splendid second for Betis, and eight minutes later Alabanda hit in the third after a corner.

It was a magnificent result to boost Betis on their way to the second leg of their Cup-winners' Cup tie with Milan and, ultimately, into the next round.

Thinking about it later, it was a good job Betis did win. What the crowd might have got up to, in their anger if they had lost, doesn't bear thinking about.

De Sosa hasn't heard the last of this, though he was adamant that in the same circumstances he would do exactly the same again.

Why did you send off Cardenosa?

"There was a handball by a Cadiz player which I considered involuntary. I didn't stop play and Benitez came storming up to protest. I know he's the captain, but he ought to remember the rules. Not even the captain may protest to the referee. So I showed him the yellow card. Cardenosa was standing nearby and he said to me: 'You're just a bad joke.' Or, at least, that's putting it politely. I had to send him off.

"As for Benitez, I thought he might have been seriously hurt the way he was rolling about. That's why I called for a stretcher. But when he got up it was clear he had only been trying to waste time."

De Sosa had no doubts, either, with whom blame lies for all the trouble facing referees in Spain — the players.

"The situation has become absurd. No one respects us referees any more. As you know, for the £250 fine which a cautioned player gets *and* which is generally paid by the club anyway, any player can get away with any clash with a referee.

"While the police keep all the fans in the ground on their best behaviour, the real problem boys leave a lot to be desired. The reaction of the fans only follows whatever goes on on the pitch."

Trouble

Betis and Cadiz played on the Saturday evening. The next evening, a mere 25,000 fans watching in the rain at Nou Camp, and many millions thanks to television, saw another referee in trouble — the Basque, Saez Elizondo.

The match was the important Barcelona-Atletico Madrid game, which went out of control after the referee displayed the greatest possible reluctance to use his yellow card early on.

Barcelona won 1-0, thanks to a 52nd-minute goal from Johan Cruyff, but most of the action took place off the ball. Neeskens and Atletico's Capon had a running battle from start to finish and Migueli and Heredia and even Cruyff of Barcelona were all fortunately let off after various unpleasant scenes.

Atletico's Leal and Alberto deserved punishment too, but it wasn't until the closing stages that Elizondo finally booked Neeskens

identity deception

Several times the question has been put to Valdez — didn't you think to ask what qualifications you would need to enter Spanish football? Always he replies: "It didn't enter my head. I was so knocked out by the idea of coming to Spain and earning big money I never gave it a thought."

But he was well aware that not only had he been born in Buenos Aires, but so had his parents, as Argentine citizens.

"I was told that all I had to do was follow orders and everything would be all right as long as I said — and my parents, too — that they had come from Murcia. I didn't even know where that was!

"I just signed on the dotted line, soon afterwards Sanchez Lage came to see if I would be good enough for Valencia, and then they brought me to Spain."

How does the system work, and how could unscrupulous agents — whom Valdez refuses to name though I know the FEF are aware of their identity — get away with all this?

The answer lies in the Spanish civil war, where reams of vital documents such as birth records were destroyed in the fighting, the bombing, the firing. The next step is for an agent to buy up a player's contract from his Argentine club, and hawk the player round Spain looking for the best offer — having first found the player a 'family' in a town where records no longer exist.

That was what happened to Valdez.

"One such agent had all the rights over me — and it earned him £5,000 a year. At the start I was told I would be going to Atletico Madrid. It seemed all fixed. But then suddenly I was introduced to Sanchez Lage, who was then technical secretary of Valencia, and I ended up there."

When Valdez was found out, the consequences proved catastrophic. Tha Spanish federation suspended him for six months while inquiries went on, then he was seriously injured in training. Fortunately his wife's hairdressing business saw them through financially for, although Valencia were still paying him, he wasn't picking up any of the big bonuses which make such a difference.

Meanwhile time was passing him by. Valencia took on and sacked several coaches while he was on the sidelines and, more important, spent heavily on Carlos Diarte, Mario Kempes and Johnny Rep. When Valdez returned to fitness there was no longer a first-team place for him.

His confidence destroyed, he isn't half the player he was. And with the recent signing of Boca Juniors' Dario Felman to fill the left-wing post, it seems Valdez has become the black sheep of the Valencia family. He played little more than half a dozen times last season.

Now, at 30, he thinks he has perhaps two more years in Spain. But the trouble of the past few years has frightened off potential buyers.

The players involved in the scandal have paid their price; sadly the men who used them seem not only to have got away with it, but to be thriving still.

Miljan Miljanic shakes hands with his successor as Real Madrid coach, Mr Molowny, with Vice-Chairman Mr Saporta looking on.

and Capon after another skirmish. Asensi and Heredia (CFB) and Marcelino and Ayala (Atletico) were other players who received their yellow cards far too late.

The following Tuesday the FEF's disciplinary committee met to consider the double fiasco at Seville and Barcelona.

The Betis-Cadiz incidents produced a £1,700 fine on Betis for the crowd smashing through the fencing, while Cardènosa was suspended for one game and Benitez let off with a caution. De Sosa was cleared of blame — but Saez Elizondo was suspended for two months for his lax approach to the mayhem in Barcelona.

Elizondo was amazed. "There's more to this than meets the eye," he said.

I tend to agree, but not perhaps in the same way. Elizondo had made a bad start to the season — awarding Espanol a doubtful penalty against Bilbao, and then, in Chamartin, completely missing an incident involving Bilbao centre forward Aitor Aguirre and Real Madrid defender Gregorio Benito, after which Aguirre needed an operation to put his nose back in place.

The problem in Spain now is so serious because of the lack of confidence. The standard of refereeing is so unpredictable the players have no confidence in the referees and the referees no confidence in the disciplinary bodies.

There will be a great deal more trouble before the situation improves.

BARCELONA and REAL MADRID are level at the top after six games, with 10 points. But champions Atletico Madrid are struggling.

CFB weren't put off their stride by the kidnap attempt on Johan Cruyff. The Dutch star had been tied up by a fellow Dutchman who tricked his way into their home and brandished a sawn-off shotgun. Gruyff's wife, Dany, came to the rescue, grabbing the gun and arousing neighbours.

On the pitch Cruyff had the satisfaction of scoring the goal which beat Atletico, who had earlier crashed 4-1 in San Sebastian to Real Sociedad — for whom Jesus Satrustegui scored all four.

Read Madrid, having given Miljan Miljanic a £100,000 pay-off, have yet to lose since his departure. Injuries robbed them of Henning Jensen (yet again) and Uli Stielike, but with Carlos Santillana back in form and Juanito a ball of energy on the right, they haven't been hard pushed yet.

• • •

VALENCIA'S Mario Kempes is determined to retain his top-scoring title. He hit four goals in the victory over Hercules Alicante . . . BURGOS won their first game by beating Espanol 3-2 — but had to pay a high price. New signing Rubinan, from Real Madrid, was carried off with a broken leg.

• • •

SPAIN claimed a clean sheet in the first round of the European club contests. Atletico Madrid scraped past Dinamo Bucharest, despite Ayala missing a penalty, and in the Cup-winners' Cup Betis did well to eliminate Milan. In the UEFA Cup it was plain sailing for Barcelona (v Steaua Bucharest), Las Palmas (v Sloboda Tuzla) and Bilbao (v Servette).

NEWS FROM HUNGARY by LESLIE VERNON

DEATH OF A DREAM!

I DO not like to write obituaries, not even when it is an obituary of a dream. This particular 'grande illusion' belongs to Jeno Dalnoki, creator, chief-coach and father figure of Ferencvaros.

I well remember walking the deserted streets of Basle late at night in the company of this sturdy, warm-hearted ex-full-back of the green-and-whites. It was the eve of his team's match against the mighty Dynamo Kiev in the Final of the Cup Winners' Cup in 1975.

"Without Balint we shall lose tomorrow," he mused, "but this is the beginning of a new era for us. To have got into the Final was a triumph itself, especially so with such a young side. Now, we shall go on to win the League, and then who knows, you and I might be spending a sleepless night together in some other foreign city on the eve of the European Cup Final!"

At first, Dalnoki's ambition seemed to be within reach. Fradi, by far the most popular club in Hungary, did win the Championship, team spirit was at its best, the dashing style, youthful enthusiasm irresistible. But against Dynamo Dresden (not much luck with Dynamos!), Nyilasi, heir apparent to the throne vacated by Florian Albert, sustained a serious head injury, which subsequently kept him out of football for a lengthy spell, and has prevented him from recapturing his true form to this day.

Of the others, Ebedli's bohemian life-style got in the way of his development as a footballer, and even young Szabo had to be disciplined time and again. In the meantime, the old hands, Balint, Muchs, Pusztai etc. couldn't steady the rocking boat, and the cheers of the crowd turned into jeers or, what's worse, the fans voted with their feet and stayed away.

The final humiliation came in the space of four days — a K.O. in the first round of the UEFA Cup against a team from Bulgaria of all places called Marek Stanko Dimitrov! If you haven't heard of them, do not fret — nobody else had either!

Massive

And they were good enough to beat the legendary Fradi 3-0 in Marek (or was it Stanko?), and were able to afford to lose 2-0 in Budapest. Then in the League, lowly Dunaujvaros, managed by ex-Fradi ace, Dezso Novak, defeated Dalnoki's strugglers 3-2, leaving them with six points and a negative goal-difference after seven matches.

To be eleventh in the Hungarian League table would have been unthinkable for them not so long ago, but now they need a massive injection of that elusive drug called 'confidence' to avoid the impending doom of mediocrity. Dozsa, plodding, but fairly consistent, are still leading the table with 11 points.

They also had an excellent win over Linzer Ask in the UEFA Cup (9-3 aggr.), but remembering their tour results in Spain, one cannot hold out much hope for them in the next round v Bilbao. Tatabanya and MTK/VM are also joint first, with Csepel on 10 points.

MTK's progress is very pleasing, because this is a club with great traditions (formerly called Hungaria, Vorus Lobogo). Under new, talented manager Gyorgy Mezei, one hopes that they might develop into a formidable force.

Vasas, beating Honved 1-0 in a derby match, are only two points behind the leaders — although an honourable draw in W. Germany didn't save them from instant European Cup elimination versus Moenchengladbach. The international 'warm-up' season opened with an unusually high-scoring friendly against Yugoslavia. Kereki, Torocsik and Susic scored in the first half (2-1), and Varadi from a penalty, and once again the 'mini-Bene' from Dozsa, Torocsik, to make it 4-1.

As it is their wont, the Magyars went to sleep, and in the last ten minutes, Susic and Nicolic netted for a final score of 4-3!

But on this form, providing that they manage to concentrate for 90 minutes, Hungary ought to score a hatful of goals against Bolivia in the World Cup play-off, making the return-leg in La Paz a formality.

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Robin Parke reports from Hong Kong

Bad start for Kuwait

MARIO ZAGALLO knows more about winning World Cups than most people in soccer but his hopes of further fame in that most exacting of competitions took a near fatal knock in Seoul, South Korea, early in October.

Zagallo, who won medals with Brazil in 1958 and 1962 and was in charge of their successful 1970 side in Mexico, is now handling the fortunes of oil-rich Kuwait, considered the dark horses of the final Asian qualifying section for Argentina next year.

His hair is now silver and sparse but there's not an extra ounce on his wiry frame than there was on that day in Sweden in 1958 when Brazil won the World Cup for the first time and the genius of Pele was launched on the world.

Ironically, on the same day that Pele said his final farewells to the game in front of 80,000 in the Giants Stadium in New York, Zagallo was watching Kuwait in their first World Cup game half the world away in Hongkong.

It started badly for the Kuwaitis with Hongkong going ahead after nine minutes and then Zagallo sat appalled as his reliable captain Ibrahim Hussein missed a penalty in the 13th minute.

However, the Kuwaitis got back into the game before half-time and as a jaded looking Hongkong stumbled around in the second half Kuwait knocked in two more to start off the campaign with a merited 3-1 success.

Zagallo, who had seen his side hold Wales to two 0-0 draws in the space of a month, expressed satisfaction with the result. He said: "When you consider we went one goal down so early and then missed a penalty I think the team did well to come back to win as convincingly as they did.

"Please believe me, some of the players did not play well today. They can do much better than that."

The consensus of opinion among observers who have watched most of the action in the long-drawn-out Asian preliminaries was, indeed, that Zagallo's players would have to do a lot better.

Brazilian-born coach Mario Zagallo makes a point after his arrival in Hongkong.

Kuwait striker Hamad Bo-Hamad scores his side's third goal in the 3-1 victory over Hongkong in the Asian Zone World Cup qualifying game. The helpless Hongkong goalkeeper is Ma Pit-hung and the white-shirted defender is Chee Yat-por. A crowd of 27,600 watched the game.

Tragically for Kuwait, who have spent a fortune in their efforts to achieve some sort of global soccer glory, the improvement required did not come in time and just seven days after the Hongkong success they were beaten 1-0 in Seoul. The Koreans deserved the victory being quicker to the ball, more direct and extremely strong in defence. They were also spurred on by a near fanatical crowd.

Advantage

Kuwait's defeat must be seen as an almost certainly lethal blow to their chances when measured against the success of Iran, hot favourites to represent Asia in Argentina. The Iranians were held to a scoreless draw in Seoul but it was the only point they dropped in their three away games leaving them with five points from a possible six and the enormous advantage of home ground in the final crucial games this month.

Kuwait certainly did not look nearly as impressive as Iran and the result in Korea came as no real surprise, although a draw was widely tipped. They will also have a lot of trouble taking anything from their away game against Australia who are desperate for success having lost their vital home game 1-0 to Iran.

Probably more interesting now is the likeable Zagallo's immediate future. His contract with Kuwait — he reportedly earns a basic salary of £5,000 per month — expires in December and given Kuwait's now expected exit from the World Cup it is unlikely he will renew it.

He has been linked once again to the Brazilian national team. He said in Hongkong: "I have not decided what I will do in December when my time with Kuwait is finished.

"Certainly, I will return to Brazil for a holiday and I will be seeing people there. But I have no reason to believe that I would be appointed to coach the national team."

Zagallo's assistant, the affable Carlos Parreira, was slightly more forthcoming when he said that he expected the former winger to be given a very responsible post by the CFB.

Zagallo's sojourn in the desert has obviously been lucrative and he insists that he has learned a lot from it. "When you are dealing with players like Pele and Jairzinho it is easy because they are of such quality. One tends to forget that there are players in other countries around the world who need coaching assistance so badly.

"That was the case in Kuwait and I believe I have accomplished something. It has helped round out my knowledge of football," he said.

But as they eyes of the world swing towards Argentina there is no doubt that Zagallo does not wish to be on the sidelines. Involvement is vital. It remains to be seen if the call will come . . . or, indeed, where it will come from.

The following are the standings in the final Asian qualifying round for the 1978 World Cup finals (last game will be played on December 4):

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Iran	3	2	1	0	3	0	5
South Korea	4	2	1	1	3	2	5
Australia	3	2	0	1	5	3	4
Kuwait	3	1	0	1	3	2	2
Hongkong	4	0	0	4	1	9	0

LEAGUE TABLES

AUSTRIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Austria/WAC	8	4	3	1	17	12	11
SSW Innsbruck	8	4	2	2	11	5	10
Sturm Graz	8	4	2	2	14	12	10
Rapid	8	3	3	2	13	8	9
VOeEST Linz	8	3	3	2	12	9	9
Vienna	8	3	2	3	8	12	8
Wiener SC/Post	8	3	1	4	11	16	7
Admira/Wacker	8	2	2	4	12	14	6
Linzer ASK	8	2	2	4	9	12	6
Grazer AK	8	0	4	4	4	11	4

ITALY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Genoa	4	2	2	0	6	3	6
Juventus	4	2	1	1	9	5	5
Milan	4	1	3	0	7	5	5
Torino	4	2	1	1	4	2	5
Roma	4	2	1	1	6	5	5
Atalanta	4	1	3	0	4	3	5
Perugia	4	2	1	1	6	6	5
Lazio	4	1	2	1	6	4	4
Verona	4	1	2	1	4	4	4
Inter	4	2	0	2	3	3	4
Napoli	4	1	1	2	4	4	3
Bologna	4	1	1	2	2	3	3
Pescara	4	1	1	2	4	7	3
Foggia	4	1	1	2	2	8	3
Fiorentina	4	0	2	2	4	6	2
Vicenza	4	0	2	2	2	5	2

WEST GERMANY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Schalke 04	10	6	3	1	15	13	15
Kaiserslautern	10	5	3	2	20	13	13
Hamburger SV	10	6	1	3	18	15	13
Cologne	10	6	0	4	30	17	12
Eintr. Frankfurt	10	6	0	4	21	15	12
Eintr. B'schweig	10	6	0	4	17	14	12
Fort Düsseldorf	10	5	1	4	18	14	11
MSV Duisburg	10	4	3	3	20	18	11
Bor. M'gladbach	10	4	3	3	16	18	11
Bayern	10	3	4	3	24	21	10
Bor. Dortmund	10	5	0	5	21	21	10
VfB Stuttgart	10	4	2	4	14	17	10
Hertha BSC	10	3	3	4	12	18	9
VfL Bochum	10	3	2	5	12	10	8
Saarbrücken	10	3	2	5	12	16	8
St. Pauli	10	3	1	6	18	23	7
Werder Bremen	10	2	2	6	10	22	6
TSV 1860 Munich	10	0	2	8	7	20	2

SWITZERLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Servette	8	6	1	1	19	6	13
Lausanne	8	6	1	1	17	5	13
Grasshoppers	8	5	1	2	22	9	11
Basel	8	4	2	2	16	8	10
Zürich	8	4	2	2	14	9	10
Sion	8	3	3	2	10	8	9
Chênois	8	3	2	3	6	11	8
Neuchâtel Xamax	8	3	1	4	14	16	7
St. Gallen	8	2	3	3	9	14	7
Etoile-Carouge	8	2	0	6	6	13	4
Young Boys	8	0	3	5	5	19	3
Young Fellows	8	0	1	7	4	24	1

ECUADOR: "Finalizacion" Championship
(1) Barcelona (Guayaquil) 7 games/10 pts; (2) Menta 7/9; (3) Universidad Catolica (Quito) 6/8, Universidad de Portoviejo 7/8; (5) Nacional (Quito) 6/7; (6) Liga Deportiva Universitaria de Quito 5/6, Emelec (Guayaquil) 7/6; (8) Carmen Mora (Machala) 7/5; (9) Deportivo Cuenca 7/4; (10) Liga Deportiva Universitaria (Cuenca) 7/3.

PERU: National Championship

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Col. N. Iquitos	18	9	7	2	26	16	25
Melgar	18	6	11	1	20	14	23
Sporting Cristal	18	8	5	5	33	17	21
Sport Boys	18	9	3	6	26	23	21
Alianza Lima	17	7	6	4	30	25	20
Universitario	18	7	6	5	23	18	20
Union Huaral	18	6	8	4	28	25	20
Bolognesi	18	6	6	6	20	19	18
Deport. Junin	18	7	4	7	26	30	18
Alfonso Ugarte	18	7	3	8	25	26	17
Atletico Chalaco	18	5	6	7	22	24	16
Juan Aurich	18	5	6	7	19	21	16
L. de Huanuco	18	6	4	8	23	30	16
Dep. Municipal	18	4	7	7	18	26	15
Defensor Lima	18	4	3	11	30	39	11
Cienciano	17	2	5	10	9	25	9

CHILE: First Division

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Colo Colo	21	12	5	4	35	25	29
Union Española	21	11	7	3	43	22	29
Everton	21	11	6	4	37	24	28
Palestino	21	10	6	5	43	28	26
Audax Italiano	21	9	6	6	32	30	24
Lota Schwager	21	7	9	5	29	23	23
Aviacion	21	7	8	6	32	40	22
Concepción	21	8	6	7	28	25	22
Univ. de Chile	20	6	9	5	29	24	21
Huachipato	21	6	8	7	27	26	20
O'Higgins	21	6	7	8	27	25	19
Green Cross	21	6	7	8	30	44	19
Ovalle	21	6	7	8	25	32	19
Nublense	21	5	7	9	25	26	17
Univ. Catolica	20	5	7	8	22	25	17
San. Morning	21	3	10	8	23	34	16
Wanderers	21	5	6	10	31	39	16
Antofagasta	21	2	5	14	15	39	9

USSR

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Dynamo Kiev	23	10	12	1	39	11	32
Dynamo Tbilisi	24	10	11	3	34	21	31
Lokomotiv Moscow	22	9	10	3	24	16	28
Dynamo Moscow	23	8	12	3	30	17	28
Torp. Moscow	23	9	9	5	21	17	27
Schachtjor Donezk	24	8	11	5	24	18	27
K. Alma Ata	24	6	13	5	25	25	25
Zenit Leningrad	24	7	10	7	27	26	24
Tschern. Odessa	24	8	7	9	25	33	23
Ararat Erevan	24	6	10	8	22	26	22
Sarja Voro'grad	24	6	9	9	22	20	21
Neftschi Baku	24	4	13	7	20	28	21
CSKA Moscow	23	4	12	7	20	31	20
Karpaty Lvov	24	5	10	9	20	23	20
Dnjepr D'petrovsk	24	7	6	11	19	26	20
Krilija K'schev	24	2	5	17	13	47	9

BRAZIL: Carioca Championship (2nd round)

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Flamengo	13	11	2	0	34	2	24
Vasco da Gama	12	10	2	0	25	0	22
Fluminense	12	10	1	1	27	5	21
Botafogo	12	7	1	4	22	9	15
Bangu	12	7	0	5	14	11	14
Portuguesa	12	6	2	4	14	12	14
Sao Cristovao	13	4	5	4	12	11	13
America	12	3	4	5	12	15	10
Bonsucesso	13	3	3	7	11	18	9
Olaria	12	4	1	7	12	21	9
Volta Redonda	12	2	5	5	8	15	9
Madureira	13	3	2	8	7	28	8
Americano	12	1	4	7	5	19	6
Campo Grande	13	2	1	10	4	24	5
Goitacas	11	1	3	7	5	22	5

HOLLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
PSV Eindhoven	10	9	1	0	29	2	19
Sparta Rotterdam	10	6	3	1	16	6	15
NEC Nijmegen	10	7	1	2	19	11	15
AZ'67 Alkmaar	10	6	2	2	29	11	14
Twente Enschede	10	6	2	2	18	7	14
Ajax Amsterdam	10	6	2	2	18	11	14
Roda JC Kerkrade	10	4	3	3	11	13	11
Feyenoord	10	2	6	2	16	14	10
Den Haag	10	5	0	5	18	19	10
Vitesse Arnhem	10	3	4	3	10	16	10
Venlo	10	3	2	5	15	16	8
Volendam	10	3	2	5	11	14	8
Utrecht	10	3	1	6	13	14	7
NAC Breda	10	1	4	5	5	10	6
Haarlem	10	1	4	5	4	16	6
Amsterdam	10	3	0	7	10	28	6
Go Ahead Deventer	10	2	1	7	12	24	5
Telstar	10	0	2	8	4	26	2

ENGLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Manchester City	8	5	3	0	16	4	13
Nottingham Forest	8	6	1	1	16	7	13
West Bromwich	8	5	2	1	17	10	12
Liverpool	8	5	2	1	11	4	12
Manchester U.	8	4	2	2	11	7	10
Leeds	8	3	4	1	14	12	10
Ipswich	8	3	4	1	7	5	10
Everton	8	3	3	2	13	8	9
Arsenal	8	4	1	3	10	5	9
Wolverhampton	8	3	3	2	12	10	9
Coventry	8	4	1	3	13	12	9
Norwich	8	3	3	2	8	11	9
Q.P.R.	8	1	5	2	11	10	7
Aston Villa	8	3	1	4	8	11	7
Chelsea	8	2	2	4	7	10	6
Birmingham	8	3	0	5	8	12	6
Middlesbrough	8	1	3	4	9	13	5
Bristol City	8	1	3	4	8	12	5
Derby	8	1	3	4	8	12	5
West Ham	8	1	2	5	9	16	4
Leicester	8	1	2	5	3	16	4
Newcastle	8	1	0	7	7	19	2

GREECE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Patras	2	2	0	0	3	1	4
Serres	2	2	0	0	2	0	4
Kastoria	2	1	1	0	3	1	3
Ethnikos	2	1	1	0	2	1	3
AEK	2	1	0	1	6	3	2
Yannina	2	1	0	1	3	3	2
Aegaleo	2	1	0	1	1	1	2
PAOK	2	0	2	0	1	1	2
OFI Crete	2	0	2	0	1	1	2
Olympiakos	2	1	0	1	1	1	2
Parathinaikos	2	0	2	0	0	0	2
Verya	2	1	0	1	3	6	2
Heraklis	2	0	1	1	3	4	1
Apollon	2	0	1	1	2	3	1
Kavalla	2	0	1	1	1	2	1
Panionio	2	0	1	1	0	1	1
Aris	2	0	1	1	0	1	1
Pierikos	2	0	1	1	1	3	1

PARAGUAY: First Division
(1) Cerro Porteño 21 pts; (2) Libertad 20; (3) Olimpia, Guarani 18; (5) Sportivo Luqueño 15; (6) River Plate, Tembetary, Rubio Nu 14; (9) Nacional 10; (10) Resistencia 9 (all played 15 games).

FRANCE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Nice	10	7	2	1	23	12	16
Monaco	10	6	3	1	21	9	15
St-Etienne	10	5	4	1	18	14	14
Marseille	10	6	1	3	19	12	13
Laval	10	5	3	2	14	12	13
Strasbourg	10	4	4	2	25	14	12
Nantes	10	4	3	3	14	9	11
Sochaux	10	5	1	4	19	15	11
Lens	10	4	3	3	20	17	11
Nancy	10	4	2	4	17	15	10
St-Germain	10	4	2	4	16	17	10
Bastia	10	4	1	5	13	15	9
Bordeaux	10	4	1	5	16	19	9
Nimes	10	3	2	5	15	19	8
Reims	10	2	4	4	8	13	8
Lyon	10	3	1	6	14	17	7
Metz	10	2	3	5	10	21	7
Valenciennes	10	1	4	5	15	21	6
Rouen	10	2	1	7	15	27	5
Troyes	10	1	3	6	10	24	5

COLOMBIA: "Finalizacion" Championship

Group A

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
America de C	10	4	6	0	15	9	14
Deportivo Cali	9	5	2	2	16	10	12
Nacional	10	3	4	3	10	10	10
Cristal Caldas	10	3	3	4	18	19	9
Junior	10	1	7	2	9	10	9
Inde. Santa Fe	10	3	3	4	11	12	9
Millionarios	9	3	2	4	12	12	8

Group B

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Bucaramanga	10	3	6	1	11	8	12
Cucuta	9	4	3	1	16	13	11
Quindio	10	3	4	3	8	11	10
Medellin	10	2	5	3	15	14	9
Tolima	10	3	2	5	7	10	8
U. Magdalena	10	2	4	4	7	13	8
Pereira	9	2	3	4	11	14	7

ARGENTINA: Metropolitan First Division

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
River Plate	29	17	8	4	59	32	42
Velez Sarsfield	29	15	8	6	51	36	38
Independiente	28	13	10	5	48	28	36
Boca Juniors*	28	14	7	7	44	28	35
Rosario Central	27	13	8	6	42	23	34
Colon Santa Fe	28	11	9	8	39	22	31
Newell's O.B.	28	11	8	9	43	32	30
Argentinos Jun.	28	10	10	8	42	36	30
Racing Club	28	10	10	8	32	28	30
Platense	29	9	12	8	37	45	30
Est. La Plata*	28	8	12	8	43	41	28
San Lorenzo	28	9	10	9	29	35	28
Atlanta	29	11	6	12	40	47	28
All Boys	28	9	9	10	36	45	27
Banfield	29	9	9	11	29	33	27
Union Santa Fe	29	6	14	9	39	36	26
Lanus	29	9	8	12	31	36	26
Quilmes	29	7	11	11	36	47	25
Huracan	28	6	12	10	28	35	24
Gim. La Plata	29	8	7	14	43	51	23
Temperley	29	7	7	15	34	54	21
Chacarita Jun.	28	4	12	12	33	45	20
Ferro. C. Oeste	29	4	7	18	33	66	15

*Unfinished match pending.

LEAGUE TABLES continued on page 50

Boca Juniors captain Ruben Sune holds the Libertadores Cup aloft as he steps from the plane after his team's return from Montevideo where they won the trophy by beating Cruzeiro with post match penalties in the play-off. On his left is club president Alberto Armando who said he will not stand for re-election after being president of Boca for 23 years.

CLASSIFIED RESULTS

INTERNATIONALS

August 24
("Coronel Bogado" Cup, 1st leg)

ARGENTINA (1) 2 (Luque 2)
PARAGUAY (1) 1 (Escobar)

Argentina: Baley, Olguin, Killer, Passarella, Carrascosa, Ardiles (Gallego), Galvan, Villa (Maradona), Houseman, Luque, Bertoni.

Paraguay: Baez, Espinola, Benitez Isassi, Fleitas, Hadzouo, Gonzalez (P. Lopez), Vera (B. Lopez), Fanego, Bartaglia, Morel (Galeano), Escobar.

August 31
("Coronel Bogado" Cup, 2nd leg)

PARAGUAY (0) 2 (Tarantini o.g., Espinola)
ARGENTINA (0) 0

Paraguay: Baez, Espinola, Benitez Isassi, O. Lopez, Arias, Gonzalez, Sanabria (Vera), Escobar, Bartaglia, Morel (Solalinde), P. Fleitas (P. Lopez).

Argentina: Baley, Tarantini, Olguin, Killer, Carrascosa, Ardiles, Gallego, Maradona, Houseman (Ortiz), Rolden (Luque), Bertoni.

PARAGUAY won Cup on post match penalties (3-1) as each team won one match.

LIBERTADORES CUP
(South American Club Championship)

September 6
(Final, 1st leg)

BOCA JUNIORS (Argentina) (1) 1 (Veglio)
CRUZEIRO (Brazil) (0) 0

Boca Juniors: Gatti, Perma, Sa (Tesare), Mouzo, Tarantini, Veglio, Sune, Zanabria, Mastrangelo, Pavon (Bernabitti), Felman.

Cruzeiro: Raul, Nelinho, Darci Meneses, Morais, Vanderley, Ze Carlos, Eduardo, Eli Mendez, Eli Carlos, Neca, Joaozinho.

September 11
(Final, 2nd leg)

CRUZEIRO (Brazil) (0) 1 (Nelinho)
BOCA JUNIORS (Argentina) (0) 0

Cruzeiro: Raul, Nelinho, Morais, Darcy Meneses, Vanderley, Ze Carlos, Eduardo, Eli Carlos (Livio), Eli Mendez, Neca, Joaozinho.

Boca Juniors: Gatti, Perma, Tesare, Mouzo, Tarantini, Ribolzi, Sune, Veglio (Pavon), Zanabria, Mastrangelo, Felman (Ortiz).

(Referee: C. Orozco, Peru)

September 14
(Final play-off at Mondevideo)

BOCA JUNIORS (Argentina) 0 — 5 (Mouzo, Tesare, Zanabria, Perma, Felman — all post match penalties)
CRUZEIRO (Brazil) 0 — 4 (Meneses, Neca, Morais, Livio — all post match penalties) after extra time.

Boca Juniors: Gatti, Perma, Tesare, Mouzo, Tarantini, Benitez (Ribolzi, Pavon), Sune, Zanabria, Mastrangelo, Veglio, Felman.

Cruzeiro: Raul, Nelinho (Mariano), Darci Meneses, Morais, Vanderley, Eduardo, Eli Carlos (Livio), Ze Carlos, Eli Mendez, Neca, Joaozinho.

Euro-review

compiled by Keir Radnedge

UEFA'S disciplinary commission saw more action than some of the fans in the first round of the 1977-78 European club competitions.

Crowd trouble at Saint-Etienne, Manchester City, Bohemians Dublin, and after BK Copenhagen's game with Trabzonspor it would have been enough without all the other stupidities.

But with Fiorentina forgetful enough to field a suspended player, and then men of the calibre of Giancarlo Antognoni (Fiorentina) and Luis Pereira (Atletico Madrid) being sent off, it's a wonder the matches weren't all abandoned and results declared *a tavolino*, as the Italians say.

Crowd levels were disappointing, with few attendances above 50,000.

In the first legs Benfica's home tie with Torpedo Moscow pulled in 75,000, while the lowest in the Champions' Cup was the 2,560 for Kuopio and Bruges. Saint-Etienne's 33,678 against Manchester United was the best figure for the Cup-winners' Cup, and the worst the 3,631 for Cardiff-KF Austria.

In the UEFA Cup openers 70,000 saw Eintracht Braunschweig hold Kiev 1-1 in the Ukraine, while only 1,345 saw Start-Fram Reykjavik.

There were first leg hat-tricks for Van der Elst (Anderlecht), Keller (Hamburg), Gzil (Gornik), Peters and Nygaard (Alkmaar) and Felix (Bastia).

CHAMPIONS' CUP

First round, first legs

Basel 1 (von Wartburg 22)
SSW Innsbruck 3 (Welzl 41 and 45 pen, Constantini 51)
HT: 1-2. **Att:** 18,000. **Ref:** Verbeke (France).

Benefica 0
Moscow Torpedo 0
Att: 75,000. **Ref:** Wurtz (France).

Benefica, twice champions and three times runners-up, made all the running against the Russians, and particularly through young Fernando Chalana, showed superior technical ability. Torpedo, however, putting all their emphasis on defence, earned the draw which made them favourites to reach the second round.

Celtic 5 (McDonald 15, Wilson 36, Craig 53 and 58, McLoughlin 83)
Jeunesse d'Esch 0
HT: 2-0. **Att:** 22,000. **Ref:** Farrell (Eire).

Jeunesse have dominated Luxembourg soccer to such an extent that they've been in the Champions' Cup 12 times since 1958. But though Celtic had been going through a bad patch in Scotland, there was a vast gap in class between the teams. Serge Roque, the Jeunesse goalkeeper, was his side's hero with a string of excellent saves to keep the score down to a reasonable level. Both Celtic's first two goals — from McDonald and Wilson — were headers, and Roque made a rare mistake in failing to hold a drive from Glavin which allowed Joe Craig to score No. 3. Craig got the fourth and substitute McLoughlin the fifth. Doyle (Celtic), Giuliani and Melde (Jeunesse) were booked.

Dynamo Dresden 2 (Heidler 70, Schade 84)
Halmstad BK 0
Ht: 0-0. **Att:** 33,500. **Ref:** Koliropoulos (Greece).

Dukla Praha 1 (Vizek 56)
Nantes 1 (Amisse 35)
HT: 0-1. **Att:** 15,000. **Ref:** Spiegl (Austria).

International winger Loic Amisse was the man who dominated this match, first putting the young French team ahead before half-time, then earning a red card for kicking Miroslav Gajdusek off the ball 19 minutes from time. Despite being down to ten men Nantes had few problems holding on.

Floriana 1 (George Xuereb 16)
Panathinaikos 1 (Aslanidis 26)
HT: 1-1. **Att:** 9,000. **Ref:** Maksimovic (Yug).

Floriana's goal was a family effort — created for centre forward George Xuereb by brother Ray, but Panathinaikos claimed the more spectacular goal as Aslanidis rocketed in a free kick from 35 yards.

Kuopio Palloseura 0
Bruges 4 (Vander Eycken 49, Coois 50, Lambert 64, Davies 78)
HT: 0-0. **Att:** 2,560. **Ref:** Azim-Zade (Russia).

Levsky-Spartak Sofia 3 (panov 20, Milanov 40 and 42)
Slask Wroclaw 0
Ht: 3-0. **Att:** 45,000. **Ref:** Lipatov (Russia).

An excellent win for Levsky, despite the UEFA suspensions which robbed them of key defenders Ivkov and Grantcharov. Note that Kiril Milanov, a prolific scorer in Europe last year, is on the goal trail again.

Lillestrom 2 (Loensdal 2, Johansen 14)
Ajax Amsterdam 0
Ht: 2-0. **Att:** 20,035. **Ref:** Anderson (Scotland).

Ironically it was skipper Tom Lund, perhaps the outstanding footballer in Scandinavia and who had once turned down an offer from Ajax, who sent the triple European champions spinning. In the opening minutes he took a corner which Gunnar Loensdal shot past reserve goalkeeper Terevart, and in the 14th it was a Lund free kick which Johansen headed in for the second. Terevart pulled the ball back, but the referee ruled that it had crossed the line. Arnesen and Schoenaker missed chances for Ajax after they struggled back into the match and in the second half Lillestroem goalkeeper Amundsen did well to save at Schoenaker's feet. Ajax were without injured goalkeeper Piet Schrivers and new star forward, Tscheu La Ling.

Omonia Nicosia 0
Juventus 3 (Bettega 34, Fanna 42, Virdis 59)
Ht: 0-2. **Att:** 11,000. **Ref:** Doudine (Bulgaria)

No problems for the Italian champions and UEFA cup-holders, who took the chance of an easy tie to give a debut to forward Piero Fanna, who might have had two goals. After scoring in the 42nd minute, he appeared to put the ball in the net shortly before the end, but it rebounded from a stanchion at the back of the goal and the referees ruled that play should continue. Juventus were without injured skipper Giuseppe Furino.

Red Star Belgrade 3 (Dzajic 54 and 80, Filipovic 67)
Sligo Rovers 0
HT: 0-0. **Att:** 28,500. **Ref:** Zlatanos (Greece).

Red Star found Sligo determined opponents, but didn't help their own cause with some poor shooting. Dusan Nikolic shot wide from five yards in the 39th minute, two minutes later centre forward Dusan Filipovic headed against the bar after a corner from Dragan Dzajic, and then Dzajic hit home a pass from Nikola Jovanovic and then Filipovic scored easily after a shot from Zoran Jelikic rebounded from the bar. Dzajic scored the third from Vladimir Petrovic's pass.

Trabzonspor 1 (Necdet 73)
Copenhagen 1903 0
HT: 0-0. **Att:** 22,500. **Ref:** Raus (Yug).

Vasas 0
Borussia Moenchengladbach 3 (Schaefer 23, Simonsen 34, Wohlers 45).
HT: 0-3. **Att:** 42,500. **Ref:** Dubach (Switz).

Borussia turned on the form they failed to produce in Rome in last season's final to turn the Hungarians upside down. After a mixed-up start to the season it was a remarkable show, with the best moment being Allan Simonsen's superb individual goal, which he scored after beating four defenders in a mazy dribble from his own half of the pitch.

Valur Reykjavik 1 (Magnus Bergs 35)
Glentoran 0
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 3,900. **Ref:** Haugen (Norway).

Dinamo Bucharest 2 (Vrinceanu 14, Georgescu 74)
Atletico Madrid 1 (Luis Pereira 57)
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 40,000. **Ref:** Ok (Turkey).

A terrible start for Atletico, runners-up in 1974, who were slap-happy in defence, had two men sent off and three booked. Dinamo went ahead thanks to a banal error from Brazilian sweeper Luis Pereira, but the Atletico defender made some amends by touching in the equaliser, although Ruben Ayala's shot looked on its way into the net anyway. Dinamo went back in front thanks to a header from Europe's top scorer, Dudu Georgescu, when stopper Eusebio for some unknown reason stood off him at a corner. In the 81st minute, after a general punch-up, referee Ok sent off Atletico's Pereira and Robi and Dinamo's Lucuta, though the main culprits were Dinamo substitute Moldova and Atletico's Alberto. Also booked were Eusebio, Aguilar and Ruben Cano (Atletico) and Marim (Dinamo).

CUP-WINNERS' CUP

Preliminary round, first leg

Glasgow Rangers 1 (Greig 39)
Young Boys Berne 0
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 30,000. **Ref:** Ponnet (Belgium).

Rangers, in their 94th competitive European tie, had trouble with the Swiss, who went close when Karl Odermatt scraped a shot just the wrong side of a post on the half hour.

Preliminary round, second leg

Young Boys Berne 2 (Jackson o.g. 47, Leuzinger 61)
Rangers 2 (Johnstone 43, Smith 71)
HT: 0-1. **Att:** 17,000. **Ref:** Lattanzi (Italy).

After a topsy-turvy game Rangers went through to the first round despite having Derek Johnstone sent off after 75 minutes for taking a kick at Berne centre forward Josef Küttel.

First round, first legs

Lokomotiv Sofia 1 (Kolev 57)
Anderlecht 6 (Van der Elst 2, 6, 11 pen, 60, Nielsen 32, Van Pouke 89)
HT: 0-4. **Att:** 30,000. **Ref:** Gonella (Italy).

Anderlecht served notice they intend to regain the Cup-winners' Cup with this trouncing of the Bulgarians. Francois Van der Elst was the star with four goals, while Lokomotiv replied only through a Kolev free kick.

Besiktas 2 (Zeferiya Burth 57, Paunovic 83)
Diosgyor 0
HT: 0-0. **Att:** 25,000. **Ref:** Bucek (Austria).

Betis Seville 2 (Garcia Soriano 13, Eulate 74)
AC Milan 0
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 32,500. **Ref:** Kitabdjian (France).

Brann Bergen 1 (Aase 37)
IA Akranes 0
HT: 0-0. **Att:** 7,035. **Ref:** Amundsen (Denmark).

Cardiff 0
FK Austria/Wacker 0
Att: 3,631. **Ref:** Eriksson (Sweden).

Cardiff could have had two goals in the first 20 minutes, but Peter Sayer and Tony Evans let their chances slip. Just before half-time Sayer came close when Robert Sara had to kick his shot off the line, but in the second half Cardiff goalkeeper Bill Irwin made three fine saves from Parits, Pirkner and Gasselich. The miss of the match came from Austria's Franz Zach, who shot wide with only Irwin to beat at close range. The crowd was Cardiff's lowest in European competition, owing to the fact that a ban on their floodlights meant an early kick-off.

Coleraine 1 (Tweed 52)
Lokomotive Leipzig 4 (Eichhorn 2, Kuhn 35, Löwe 44 and 69)
HT: 0-3. **Att:** 5,500. **Ref:** Petursson (Iceland)

Veteran international Wolfram Löwe was Leipzig's hero, making two goals and scoring the other two. Coleraine's hopes of a useful result died with the refusal of a goal for offside early in the first half. Apart from Tweed's goal, the nearest they came apart from that was a

hasty clearance by Günter Sekora which almost flew into his own net. Coleraine fought well in midfield, but couldn't match the East Germans in finishing.

Dundalk 1 (Flanagan 86)
Hajduk Split 0
Ht: 0-0. **Att:** 7,500. **Ref:** Keizer (Holland).
The League of Ireland part-timers did well to win, though Hajduk were upset that after only 60 seconds Zlatko Vujovic was given offside after heading past Blackmore in goal. Lawlor hit the post after 15 minutes from time.

Hamburg SV 8 Keller 6, 34, 38, 73, Volkert 19 pen, Buljan 68, Steffenhagen 77, Reimann 83).
HT: 4-0. **Att:** 6,500. **Ref:** Jarguz (Poland).
Ferdi Keller was pulled off the substitutes' bench for this match, and then hit four goals. Kevin Keegan played, but failed to score for the Cup-winners' Cup holders.

Köln 2 (Löhr 5, Müller 65)
Porto 2 (Gabriel 60, Octavio 69)
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 21,500. **Ref:** Thomas (Wales).

Lokomotiv Kosice 0
Oester Växjö 0
Att: 15,000. **Ref:** Homewood (England).

PAOK Salonika 2 (Pelios 25, Anastasiadis 80)
Zagleble Sosnowiec 0
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 25,000. **Ref:** Michaelotti (Italy).

Progres Niedercorn 0
Vejle BK 1 (Steen Tychosen 70)
HT: 0-0. **Att:** 1,500. **Ref:** Peeters (Belgium).

Glasgow Rangers 0
Twente Enschede 0
Att: 30,000. **Ref:** Riedel (East Germany).
Without the suspended Derek Johnstone, Rangers looked untidy, and Twente played the more effective football, almost taking the lead after 14 minutes when Drost hit a free kick against a post. Rangers had a couple of second half penalty appeals turned down, but also had a bad miss when Dave Cooper shot wide six yards out. Moment before Bos should have done better with two attempts, but first McCloy parried one shot, then Bos hit the rebound wide.

Saint-Etienne 1 (Synaeghel 80)
Manchester United 1 (Hill 78)
Ht: 0-0. **Att:** 33,678. **Ref:** Biwersi (West Germany).
Brawls between rival fans which left 50 people injured marred this match even before it had begun. It took 25 ambulances to ferry the injured to hospital and three companies of riot police to break up the fights. The sad repetition of Manchester United hooligan trouble overshadowed a game played in an excellent spirit and in which United took the lead when Gordon Hill pushed Stuart Pearson's low cross under Yvan Curkovic. Saint-Etienne hit back quickly, when Christian Synaeghel shot in after a goalmouth scramble. Jacques Santini was Saint-Etienne's best player, while Steve Coppell, Chris McGrath and Hill linked impressively when United moved quickly forward. Alex Stepney in goal and sweeper Martin Buckan were singled out for praise by new United manager Dave Sexton.

Olympiakos Nicosia 1 (Aristidou 83 pen)
Un. Craiova 6 **(Balaci 12, 50, Gîrtsu 47, Marcu 53, Crisan 80, Irinescu 85)**
HT: 0-1. **Att:** 4,000. **Ref:** Parmakov (Bulgaria).

Valletta FC 0
Moscow Dynamo 2 (Kazachenik 55, Maksimenkov 72)
HT: 0-2. **Att:** 7,000. **Ref:** Manojlovski (Yug).

UEFA CUP
First round, first legs

Eintracht Frankfurt 5 (Nickel 19, 25, Wenzel 21, Kraus 59, Grabowski 60)
Sliema Wanderers 0
HT: 3-0. **Att:** 6,000. **Ref:** Srodecki (Poland).

AZ'67 Alkmaar 11 (Van Hanegem 5, Arntz 12, Nygaard 25, 51, 88, Peters 39, 50, 60, 80, Kist 58, 61)
Red Boys Differdange 1 (Christoph 54 pen)
HT: 4-0. **Att:** 22,000. **Ref:** Einbeck (East Germany).
So easy for Almaar, one of the rising teams in Holland. Top scorer was Jan Peters, with four goals. Nygaard got a hat-trick too against the poor Luxembourg side who hardly knew what had hit them.

Aston Villa 4 (Gray 12, Deehan 34, 66, Little 80)
Fenerbache 0
HT: 2-0. **Att:** 30,351. **Ref:** Corver (Holland).
Villa, who also hit the bar twice, were determined to make up for their first round elimination from the UEFA Cup two years before. The Turks had a lot of trouble holding on, and Cem was booked for kicking the ball away, and Antic for a foul. It wasn't until the 82nd minute that Fenerbache forced the first real save from Villa's ex-Arsenal and Manchester United goalkeeper, Jimmy Rimmer. They were a little unlucky in losing sweeper Alpaslan because of a knee injury when only 1-0 down, but there was no disputing Villa's superiority.

Barcelona 5 (J. C. Heredia 4 and 30, Cruyff 5 pen, Clare 63, Zuviria 82)
Steaua Bucharest 1 (Nastase 72)
HT: 2-0. **Att:** 65,000. **Ref:** Dörflinger (Switz).
Johan Cruyff, back for his first match since injuring a leg in a pre-season friendly with Hamburg, was the star of the show more and rattled in an early penalty to help Barcelona on their way.

Bastia 3 (Felix 50, 75, 82)
Sporting Lisbon 2 (Jordao 42 pen, Fraguito 57)
HT: 0-1. **Att:** 6,000. **Ref:** Guruceta (Spain).

Bayern Munich 8 (Oblak 16, Rummenigge 36, 40, 46, Hoeness 53, Müller 57, 73, 81)
Mjoendalen 0
HT: 3-0. **Att:** 6,500. **Ref:** Poucek (Czech)
Merciless Bayern never gave the Norwegians a chance, Karl-Heinz Rummenigge and Gerd Müller both hitting hat-tricks and the returning Uli Hoeness celebrating his recovery from yet another operation with a goal.

Boavista 1 (Jorge Gomes 36)
Lazio 0
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 32,500. **Ref:** Jourquin (Belgium).

Bohemians Dublin 0
Newcastle 0
Att: 20,000. **Ref:** Owen (Wales).
Crowd trouble here too, with referee Gwyn Owen taking the teams off for 11 minutes in the second half after a hail of missiles and a minor pitch invasion. The trouble was caused between rival supporters, but the break didn't appear to unduly affect either team. The nearest chance to a goal fell to the Irish, in the 78th minute when a Byrne-Ryan-O'Connor move split the Newcastle defence, but goalkeeper Mike Mahoney managed to stop O'Connor's shot.

Carl Zeiss Jena 5 (Trocha 39, Vogel 53 pen and 78, Toepfer 75, 87)
Altay Izmir 1 (Mustafa 1 pen)
HT: 1-1. **Att:** 8,000. **Ref:** Mattson (Finland).

Dundee Utd 1 (Sturrock 66)
KB Copenhagen 0
HT: 0-0. **Att:** 8,500. **Ref:** Oberg (Norway).
A bad first half miss by Kirkwood and a shot against the bar from Wallace were misses Dundee United could ill afford against the hard-working Danes. In fact, Copenhagen should have scored when first Petersen, then Andreassen caught their defence at sixes and sevens towards the end of the first half. United had most of the play but were denied by the fine saves of Ole Qvist, who played despite suffering from flu. He was beaten only when Wallace's shot ricocheted off a defender to Sturrock's feet close in.

Fiorentina 0
Schalke 0
Att: 43,000. **Ref:** Vautrot (France).
UEFA later awarded this match to Schalke 3-0, because the Italians remarkably forgot that midfielder Domenico Casarsa was still under a suspension in Europe, and played him in the match. The West Germans protested and UEFA's disciplinary committee virtually put Fiorentina out.

Fram Copenhagen 0
Grasshoppers Zurich 2 (Elsener 32, Becker 40)
HT: 0-2. **Att:** 1,956. **Ref:** Redelfs (West Germany).

Glenavon 2 (Malone 9 pen, McDonald 31)
PSV Eindhoven 6 (Van der Kuylen 12, 83, van Kraay 26, Deijkers 49, Deacy 61, Lubse 82)
HT: 2-2. **Att:** 4,000. **Ref:** Thime (Norway).
PSV, never beaten in Ireland, had few problems maintaining their record even though Glenavon went ahead through a penalty after nine minutes.

Gornik Zabrze 5 (Gzil 19, 26, 48, Radecki 16, Wasilewski 47)
Haka Valkeakoski 3 Jarzyna o.g. 31, Vimomen 61, Pivinen 63
HT: 3-1. **Att:** 14,000. **Ref:** Rubenis (Russia).

Internazionale 0
Dynamo Tbilisi 1 (Kipiani 78)
HT: 0-0. **Att:** 45,000. **Ref:** Wöhrer (Austria)
Inter, having been beaten in their opening league match the previous Sunday, suffered the indignity of seeing their own fans stone the team bus after the game. Several parked cars and the San Siro stadium windows also took a battering and police had to use tear gas to break up the crowds. Inter skipper Giacinto Facchetti was, for once, the culprit, allowing David Kipiani to catch him in possession and nip away for the only goal.

Dynamo Kiev 1 (Veremeyev 35)
Eintracht Braunschweig 1 (Frank 28)
HT: 1-1. **Att:** 70,000. **Ref:** Menegali (Italy).

Landskrona 0
Ipswich 1 (Whymark 33)
HT: 0-1. **Att:** 7,156. **Ref:** Rolles (Luxembourg)
Trevor Whymark rounded off a neat move between George Burley and Paul Mariner for the only goal of the game, making up for a penalty appeal Ipswich had turned down when Eric Gates was felled in the 21st minute. Ipswich's only worrying moment was near the end when centre forward Mariner had to be helped off suffering from a leg injury.

Las Palmas 5 (Maciel 10 and 80 pen, Juani 22, Morete 66 and 78) **Stoboda Tuzla 0**
HT: 2-0. **Att:** 22,500. **Ref:** Porem Luis (Portugal).

Lens 4 (Bosudira 5, Francoise 20, Djeballi 53, Elie 72)
Malmoe 1 (Sjoberg 34)
HT: 2-1. **Att:** 23,657. **Ref:** Tomeo Palanques (Spain).

Linz ASK 3 (Koegelberger 18 and 48, Vuckovic 62)
Ujpest Dozsa 2 (Torocsik 1 and 15)
HT: 1-2. **Att:** 12,000. **Ref:** Foote (Scotland)

Odra Opole 1 (Decker 40)
Magdeburg 2 (Sparwasser 59 and 65)
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 20,000. **Ref:** Mateev (Bulgaria)
After writing about him last month in *World Soccer*, it's good to see Jürgen Sparwasser maintaining his return to form.

Olympiakos Piraeus 3 (Karavitis 34, Losanda 60, Galakos 62)
Dynamo Zagreb 1 (Zedec 30)
HT: 1-1. **Att:** 30,000. **Ref:** Ivanov (Russia).

Manchester City 2 (Barnes 10, Channon 50)
Widzew Lodz 2 (Boniek 70 and 74 pen)
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 33,695. **Ref:** Attley (Eire).
A bad night for Manchester City, pulled back in the last 20 minutes by the bottom team in the Polish first division. On top of that Willie Donachie was sent off in injury time for a skirmish with Zbigniew Boniek, Poland's best young player, and a fan ran on to the pitch intent on trouble before he was hauled away. Five players were booked — Owen and Hartford of City, and Kowenicki, Kostryzewinski and Tlokiminski of Widzew.

Marek Stanke Dimitrov 3 (Pargov 18, Petrov 33 and 73)
Ferencvaros 0
HT: 2-0. **Att:** 30,000. **Ref:** Raines (Rumania).
Rapid Vienna 1 (Walzer 63)
Inter Bratislava 0
HT: 0-0. **Att:** 9,750. **Ref:** Van Langenhove (Belgium).

RWD Molenbeek 0
Aberdeen 0
Att: 15,000. **Ref:** Björck (Sweden)
RWD's new-look team just couldn't find the way past Bobby Clark, as the Scottish league leaders fought for a well-earned draw. RWD's best chance came when Johan Boskamp hit a free kick against a post. Aberdeen went close when

● Continued overleaf

● Continued from previous page

Duncan Davidson saw a shot luckily scrambled clear in a forest of legs round the goalmouth. Six minutes from time RWD could have won it, but Clark brilliantly stopped a header from centre forward Patrick Gorez. Dutchman Boskamp was the best player for the Belgians who included former Anderlecht goalkeeper Jan Ruiter and ex-Sporting and Benfica defender Carlos Alinho.

Servette 1 (Barberis 24)
Athletic Bilbao 0
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 18,500. **Ref:** Aldinger (West Germany).

Standard Liege 1 (Nichel 80)
Slavia Prague 0
HT: 0-0. **Att:** 21,000. **Ref:** Reynolds (Wales).

Start Kristiansand 6 (Myhre 5, Skuse 9, Haugen 25, 27, Mathisen 50 pen and 55)
Fram Reykjavik 0
HT: 4-0. **Att:** 1,345. **Ref:** Jonsson (Sweden).

ASA Tirgu Mures 1 (Fanici 81)
AEK Athens 0
HT: 0-0. **Att:** 20,000. **Ref:** Tschukov (Bulgaria).

Torino 3 (Pulici 12 and 40, C. Sala 55)
Apoel Nicosia 0
HT: 2-0. **Att:** 30,000. **Ref:** Stagna Navarra (Malta).

Zurich 1 (Risi 4)
CSKA Sofia 0
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 8,500. **Ref:** Padar (Hungary).

THE SECOND legs saw some former European title-holders knocked out already — including Milan in the Cup-winners' Cup, and Internazionale and Sporting Lisbon in the UEFA Cup.

There were close calls from Benfica and Ajax in the Champions' Cup and Trevor Whymark became the joint top scorer by adding four second leg goals to his first leg UEFA Cup winner for Ipswich against Landskrona.

Anderlecht's François Van der Elst, in the Cup-winners' Cup, also claimed five in two matches.

Only three attendances topped 50,000 — Atletico Madrid-Dinamo Bucharest (60,000, Champions'), Milan-Betis (60,000 Cup-winners') and Lazio-Boavista (55,000, UEFA).

Apart from Whymark second leg hat-tricks fell to Norgaard (Vejle), Kolyesov (Moscow Dynamo), Giordano (Lazio), Kist (Alkmaar) and Andersen (BK Copenhagen).

The biggest aggregate win fell to Alkmaar, winning 16-1 while after winning their first leg against Niedercorn 11-1. Vejle hit nine, Hamburg and Bayern Munich eight in their first leg matches.

CHAMPIONS' CUP
First round, second legs

Ajax Amsterdam 4 (Birkelund 6 og, Geels 32, Tscheu La Ling 51, 83)
Lillestroem 0
HT: 2-0. **Att:** 21,500. **Ref:** A. Mattsson (Finland)
Ajax win 4-2 on aggregate

Ajax, beaten 2-0 away, recovered without undue stress, going a goal up in the match after only six minutes when Jan Birkelund deflected a shot from Arnesen past his own goalkeeper.

Atletico Madrid 2 (Benegas 67, Cano 71)
Dinamo Bucharest 0
HT: 0-0. **Att:** 60,000. **Ref:** Ohmsen (Denmark).
Atletico win 3-2 on aggregate

Atletico, making a mixed-up start to the season, found qualification hard work. But, having scored an away goal, it would have been enough to rely on the breakthrough by reserve defender Domingo Benegas, without Ruben Cano's quick second.

BK03 Copenhagen 2 (Francker 39, 89)
Trabzonspor 0
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 6,500. **Ref:** Ericsson (Sweden)
Copenhagen win 2-1 on aggregate

Trabzonspor, double winners in Turkey a few months before, found themselves in dire trouble through their players and fans' reaction to this elimination. After Lars Francker scored his last-minute goal, a missile from the crowd knocked referee Ericsson unconscious. He was carried off on a stretcher. The Turkish defenders had claimed that Francker was offside, but Ericsson remained firm. Later he said: "I have never been treated like this. Just before I collapsed one of the Turkish players kicked my legs." Trabzonspor had most of the first half, but couldn't make their superiority pay.

Trabzonspor president Samil Ikinci, fearing expulsion from European competition, said later: "Ten years work to build a team which could represent Turkey in European competition with dignity has been wrecked in one night."

Borussia Mg 1 (Simonsen 64)
Vasas 1 (Izso 77)
HT: 0-0. **Att:** 14,000. **Ref:** Delcourt (Belgium)
Borussia win 4-1 on aggregate

Bruges 5 (Davies 17, 25, Van der Eycken 33, Simoen 47, Maes 85)
Pallosuens Kuopio 2 (Rissanen 20, Laikonen 62)
HT: 3-1. **Att:** 15,000. **Ref:** Franco Martinez (Spain)
Bruges win 9-2 on aggregate

Halmstad 2 (Johansson 17, Larsson 89)
Dynamo Dresden 1 (Heidler 64)
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 5,615. **Ref:** Grey (England).
Dresden win 3-2 on aggregate

The rain which fell for most of the game affected Dresden more than the Swedes, who snatched victory in the last minute thanks to a goal from Lars-Erik Larsson.

Jeunesse d'Esch 1 (Giuliano 1)
Celtic 6 (Lennox 30, 60, Glavin 52, McLaughlin 56, Edvaldsson 68, 78)
HT: 1-1. **Att:** 3,580. **Ref:** Wellinga (Holland).
Celtic win 11-1 on aggregate

A shock for Celtic when Jeunesse took the lead in the first minute, Robert Giuliani beating Peter Latchford after a neat through pass from Josey Melde. Celtic missed several chances before Cup-winning veteran of 1967, Bobby Lennox, equalised in the 29th minute.

Juventus 2 (Bonnsegna 11, Virdis 75)
Omonia Nicosia 0
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 15,000. **Ref:** Hermann (Luxembourg).
Juventus win 5-0 on aggregate

Nantes 0
Dukla Praha 0
Att: 25,000. **Ref:** Garrido (Portugal)
Nantes on away goal – 1-1 on aggregate

Nantes scraped through, after letting down trainer Jean Vincent, who had said his men would go for a big win. They were soon on top, but Dukla goalkeeper Netolicka was in fine form. Eric Pécout might have scored had Macela not felled him just outside the penalty box — an offence which earned a booking — then Bruno Baronchelli struck the bar. Zdenek Nehoda missed a good second-half opening for Dukla.

Panathinaikos 4 (Alvarez 24, Antoniadis 35, 40 pen, Gonios 85)
Floriana 0
HT: 3-0. **Att:** 20,000. **Ref:** Dinulescu (Rumania)
Panathinaikos 5-1 on aggregate

Antoniadis, Pana's European Cup hero when they reached the final in 1971, showed he still ranks among Greece's most effective forwards, with two goals to sink the hapless Maltese.

Slask Wroclaw 2 (Pawlowsky 22, Kopycky 76)
Levsky-Spartak 2 (Panov 30, 68)
HT: 1-1. **Att:** 30,000. **Ref:** Palotai (Hungary)
Levsky win 5-2 on aggregate

Sligo Rovers 0
Red Star Belgrade 3 (Filipovic 5, 60, Jovanovic 43)
HT: 0-2. **Att:** 10,000. **Ref:** Gow (Wales)
Red Star win 6-0 on aggregate

So easy for Red Star, even without injured Dragan Dzajic. In his absence Vladimir Petrovic was the main inspiration for the Yugoslavs, setting up Filipovic's opening goal in the fifth minute. Filipovic then created a second for Jovanovic, before scoring Red Star's third later on, after Sligo's Paul McGee saw a penalty brilliantly tipped aside by Stojanovic.

SSW Innsbruck 0
Basel 1 (Miessen 55)
HT: 0-0. **Att:** 12,500. **Ref:** Prokop (East Germany)
Innsbruck win 3-2 on aggregate

Torpedo Moscow 0
Benfica 0
Att: 40,000. **Ref:** Fredriksson (Sweden)
Benfica 4-1 on penalties – 0-0 on aggregate

Stern defensive discipline saw the Portuguese champions score a surprising win thanks to the penalty contest after extra time. Pietra, Silva, Chalana and goalkeeper Bento all scored from the spot to knock out the Russians who just couldn't stand the pressure.

Glentoran 2 (Robson 44, Jamieson 79)
Valur Reykjavik 0
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 7,000. **Ref:** Beck (Holland).
Glentoran win 2-1 on aggregate

Hilmarsson and Bergs of Valur and Dickinson and Robson were all booked in a game which saw Tommy Jamieson make the game safe with a goal direct from a corner.

CUP-WINNERS' CUP
First round, second leg

IA Akranes 0
Brann Bergen 4 (Aase 33, 75, Dahlhaug 82, Tronstad 88)
HT: 0-1. **Att:** 1,800. **Ref:** Perry (N. Ireland)
Brann win 5-0 on aggregate

Anderlecht 2 (Van der Elst 41, Bouvy 80)
Lokomotiv Sofia 0
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 20,000. **Ref:** Correia (Portugal)
Anderlecht win 8-1 on aggregate

Wacker/FK Austria 1 (Baumeister 52)
Cardiff 0
HT: 0-0. **Att:** 8,000. **Ref:** Kuston (Poland)
Austria win 1-0 on aggregate

For the sixth time in succession, Cardiff bowed out in the first round, after a Baumeister snap shot was deflected past Irwin by one of his own defenders. Cardiff were forced on the defensive for most of the first half, but went close soon after the break when first Robert Sara was forced into a desperate clearance and then when Dwyer had a goal disallowed for hands. Dwyer was booked by Polish referee Marian Kuston and midway through the second half Cardiff manager Jimmy Andrews took Dwyer off because "I was convinced he was in danger of being sent off." In the last minute Pete Sayer denied Austria a second goal when he cleared Pirkner's shot off the line.

Diosgyoer 5 (Fuko 15, Olah 34 pen, 67, Fekete 44, 85)
Besiktas 0
HT: 3-0. **Att:** 20,000. **Ref:** Burns (England).
Diosgyoer win 5-2 on aggregate

Hajduk Split 4 (Vujovic 29, McManus 54 og, Rukljac 60, McConville 84 og)
Dundalk 0
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 10,000. **Ref:** Scerri (Malta).
Hajduk win 4-1 on aggregate

Dundalk, leading 1-0 from the first leg, didn't help their cause by conceding two own goals. Hajduk could have scored more but for the Yugoslavs' traditional failing in front of goal. Still, the Irish fought well until the last 10 minutes. First Drago Rukljac headed in a pass from Luketin, then McConville headed beautifully into his own goal while trying to clear a cross from Slaviša Zungul.

Lahden Reipas 2 (Riotto 56, 74)
Hamburg 5 (Volkert 44 pen, Keegan 52, Magath 65, Keller 71, Steffenhagen 90)
HT: 0-1. **Att:** 2,896. **Ref:** Nyhus (Norway)
Hamburg win 13-3 on aggregate

Kevin Keegan scored his first goal in Europe for the Cup-winners' Cup holders as they cruised on towards a second round tie with their victims in last season's final — former holders, Anderlecht.

Lok Leipzig 2 (Altmann 14, Fritsche 34 pen)
Coleraine 2 (Guy 39, 67)
HT: 2-1. **Att:** 16,000. **Ref:** Victor (Luxembourg)
Leipzig win 6-3 on aggregate

Milan 2 (Tosetto 34, Capello 59)
Betis 1 (Lopez 62)
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 60,000. **Ref:** Cebe (Turkey)
Betis win 3-2 on aggregate

Milan's fans thought they were on the way when goals by newcomer Tosetto and old hand Capello put Milan ahead before the hour. But when Lopez pulled one back Milan were in trouble. They needed two goals to win the tie,

and their anxiety ruined their approach work. All in all a terrible night for the city of Milano, with Inter also going out in the first round in Europe this year.

Oster Växjö 2 (Bäd 52, Evesson 60)
Lok. Kosice 2 (Jozsa 28, Dobrovic 63)
HT: 0-1. **Att:** 3,100. **Ref:** Laasko (Finland)
Lok Kosice win on away goals – 2-2 on aggregate

Porto 1 (Murca 57)
1st FC Köln 0
HT: 0-0. **Att:** 30,000. **Ref:** Partridge (Eng)
Porto win 3-2 on aggregate
Bad news for Hennes Weisweiler, Köln's coach. Köln were the only West German team to fail in the first rounds.

Twente Enschede 3 (Gritter 34, A. Muehren 40, Van der Vall 65)
Glasgow Rangers 0
HT: 2-0. **Att:** 20,000. **Ref:** Linemayr (Austria)
Twente win 3-0 on aggregate
Twente were far too good for the struggling Scots, attacking from the start with verve and precision — though Rangers created the first chance when Bob McLean shot wide after just four minutes. Twente went ahead with a goal for Ab Gritter made by Jaap Bos, and Arnold Muehren made it 2-0 when he beat three defenders to lob over goalkeeper Kennedy after taking a pass from Cees van Iersel. Kick Van der Vall put the game beyond doubt. Rangers clearly missed Derek Johnstone, suspended after being sent off in the preliminary round against Young Boys Berne.

Un. Craiova 2 (Marcu 15, Cirtu 82)
Olympiakos Nicosia 0
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 15,000. **Ref:** Christov (Czech)
Craiova win 8-1 on aggregate

Vejle 9 (Sorensen 15, Oestergaard 19, 85, Eg 21, Norgaard 50, 59, 64, Schacke 75, Tychosen 80)
Progres Niedercorn 0
HT: 3-0. **Att:** 2,400. **Ref:** Thime (Norway).
Vejle win 10-0 on aggregate

Zaglebie Sosnowiecz 0
PAOK Salonika 2 (Kermanidis 48, Damanikis 69)
HT: 0-0. **Att:** 15,000. **Ref:** McKinlay (Scotland)
PAOK win 4-0 on aggregate

Moscow Dynamo 5 (Kolyesov 23, 49, 77, Jakubik 36, Kazachenkov 82)
Valletta 0
HT: 2-0. **Att:** 30,000. **Ref:** Hadjistefanou (Cyprus)
Dynamo Moscow win 7-0 on aggregate

Manchester United 2 (Pearson 32, Coppell 65)
Saint-Etienne 0
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 31,634 (at Plymouth). **Ref:** Rion (Belgium).
Man. Utd win 3-1 on aggregate
Forced by UEFA to go to Plymouth for the second leg after the excesses of their fans in France, United had few problems going through to the second round — though the French contributed to their own downfall. In the 32nd minute Steve Coppell's drive beat the slow-reacting Curkovic, eluded Oswaldo Piazza, and gave Pearson an open goal. It was a gamble paying off, for Pearson hobbled off a minute later suffering from a recurrence of a hamstring strain. In the 65th minute Coppell scored himself, after catching out the French offside trap. Late efforts by Christian Sarramagna and Christian Synaeghel flew narrowly off target as the French tried a belated comeback.

UEFA CUP

First round, second legs

Aberdeen 1 (Jarvie 78)
RWD Molenbeek 2 (Gorez 46, Wellens 85)
HT: 0-0. **Att:** 20,000. **Ref:** Delmer (France)
RWD win 2-1 on aggregate
Scottish league leaders Aberdeen lost their season's unbeaten record after RWD took over the game in the second half. Aberdeen put on a lot of pressure in the first half, but it came to nothing and in the first minute after the interval Dumon went down the right and centred for Gorez to head RWD in front. That one goal was worth two for RWD, and they still led thanks to the away goal when Ruiter dropped a cross from the right and Jarvie poked the ball into the net 12 minutes from time. Aberdeen now looked dangerous for the first time, but in the 85th minute RWD broke away and Wellens went through the middle for the winner.

AEK Athens 3 (Papaioannou 24, Viera 35, Moussouris 44)
ASA Tirgu Mures 0
HT: 3-0. **Att:** 25,000. **Ref:** Manojlovski (Yugoslavia)
AEK win 3-1 on aggregate

Altay Izmir 4 (B. Mustafa 4, and 44, Murat 37, 64)
Carl Zeiss Jena 1 (Lindemann 49)
HT: 3-0. **Att:** 22,000. **Ref:** Kolossi (Russia)
Carl Zeiss win 6-5 on aggregate

Apoel Nicosia 1 (Markou 21)
Torino 1 (Garritano 75)
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 13,500. **Ref:** Anderco (Rumania)
Torino win 4-1 on aggregate

Athletic Bilbao 2 (Dani 56, Amorrortu 70)
Servette 0
HT: 0-0. **Att:** 42,500. **Ref:** Alexander (Scotland)
Bilbao win 2-1 on aggregate

CSKA Sofia 1 (Markov 32)
Zurich 1 (Cuccinotta 104)
HT: 1-0. 90 mins: 1-0. **Att:** 25,000. **Ref:** Mathias (Austria)
Zurich win 2-1 on aggregate

Eintracht Braunschweig 0
Dynamo Kiev 0
Att: 35,000. **Ref:** Konrath (France)
Eintracht B'schweig win on away goal – 1-1 on aggregate

Fenerbahce 0
Aston Villa 2 (Deehan 7, Little 51)
HT: 0-1. **Att:** 25,000. **Ref:** Ivanov (Russia)
Aston Villa win 6-0 on aggregate
Fenerbahce admitted their hopeless task by resting a couple of key players for a key league match coming up against Galatasaray, and Villa took advantage of a couple of blunders by second choice goalkeeper Fuat to walk away with an easy victory.

Ferencvaros 2 (Pusztai 12, Ebedli 33 pen)
Marek Stanke Dimitrov 0
HT: 2-0. **Att:** 20,000. **Ref:** Einbeck (East Germany)
Marek win 3-2 on aggregate

Grasshoppers 6 (Meyer 8, 71, Becker 40, Elsener 59, Ponte 82, 84)
Fram Copenhagen 1 (Mikkelsen 44)
HT: 2-1. **Att:** 3,400. **Ref:** Brummeier (Austria)
Grasshoppers win 8-1 on aggregate

Inter Bratislava 3 (Novotny 17, Lavicky 59, 74)
Rapid Vienna 0
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 9,000. **Ref:** Babacan (Turkey).
Inter Bratislava win 3-1 in aggregate

Ipswich 5 (Whymark 14, 33, 39, 52 pen, Mariner 38)
Landskrona 0
HT: 4-0. **Att:** 18,741. **Ref:** Pedersen (Denmark)
Ipswich win 6-0 on aggregate
England manager Ron Greenwood turned up to see Paul Mariner, but Trevor Whymark — who almost left Ipswich during the summer after refusing to go on a close-season tour — was the man who stole the show. The fumbling Swedes let him in to score with a hat-trick of headers and then a penalty after he had been fouled. Mariner scored with a fine overhead kick. England defender Kevin Beattie also hit the bar. After a couple of early sallies from Jo Johansson and Aronsson, the Swedes faded and their only corner was won 10 minutes from the end.

Lazio 5 (Garlaschelli 7, 20, Giordano 11, 53, 88)
Boavista 0
HT: 3-0. **Att:** 55,000. **Ref:** Gordon (Scotland)
Lazio win 5-1 on aggregate

Magdeburg 1 (Streich 11)
Odra Opole 1 (Klose 39)
HT: 1-1. **Att:** 15,000. **Ref:** Barbulescu (Rumania)
Magdeburg win 3-2 on aggregate

Malmö FF 2 (Servin 60, Ljungberg 78)
Lens 0
HT: 0-0. **Att:** 6,534. **Ref:** Männing (East Germany)
Lens win 4-3 on aggregate
Quick exit for the newly-crowned Swedish champions, despite the goals of Tore Cervin and Anders Ljungberg.

Mjoendalen 0
Bayern Munich 4 (Rausch 17, Gruber 52, Künkel 61, Niedermaier 63)
HT: 0-1. **Att:** 6,000. **Ref:** Hunting (England)
Bayern win 12-0 on aggregate
The Germans, without Franz Roth or Jupp Kapellmann, never needed to put much effort into the game to win comfortably. Wolfgang Rausch, Bayern's new sweeper, scored the first by turning in a shot from Branko Oblak and though Mjoendalen's Solberg went close with a shot which skidded just wide of Sepp Maier's post, Bayern were never otherwise troubled. Hoeness hit a post before half-time. After the interval Karl-Heinz Rummenigge made a goal for Peter Gruber, substitute Rainer Künkel made it 3-0, and young right back Niedermaier finished the scoring off after a goalmouth scramble. Gerd Müller, surprisingly, wasted three chances in the rain.

Newcastle 4 (Gowling 28 and 68, T. Craig 65 and 69)
Bohemians Dublin 0
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 19,046. **Ref:** Haraldsson (Iceland)
Newcastle win 4-0 on aggregate
It was easy for Newcastle to forget a series of internal disputes, and easily beat the Irish. But a nasty surprise awaited Newcastle manager Richard Dinnis later. Two Bohemians players he had lined up to buy, signed instead for Derby manager Tommy Docherty!

PSV Eindhoven 5 (R. Van der Kerkhof 29, Lubse 36, 42, Deykers 40, 54)
Glenavon 0
HT: 4-0. **Att:** 20,000. **Ref:** Lund-Sorensen (Denmark)
PSV win 11-2 on aggregate

Schalke 2 (Abramczyk 17, H. Kremers 76)
Florentina 1 (Desolati 82)
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 37,000. **Ref:** Soto Montesinos (Spain)
Schalke win 5-1 on aggregate
Poor Florentina! Condemned to lose the first leg 3-0 because they fielded a suspended player, they ended this game with nine men, defender Della Martira and Italy's new Golden Boy, Giancarlo Antognoni, having been sent off by the Spanish referee.

Slavia Praha 3 (Vesely 26, Notovy 53, Nachtman 78)
Standard Liege 2 (Nickel 14, Sigurvinsson 46)
HT: 1-1. **Att:** 10,000. **Ref:** Frickel (West Germany)
Standard win on away goals – 3-3 on aggregate

Sliema Wanderers 0
Eintracht Frankfurt 0
Att: 1,900. **Ref:** Gussoni (Italy)
Frankfurt win 5-0 on aggregate

Sloboda Tuzla 4 (Gec 37, Kovacevic 50, 51, Mulahasanovic 66)
Las Palmas 3 (Morete 15, 65, Maciel 44)
HT: 1-2. **Att:** 8,000. **Ref:** Hungerbühler (Switzerland)
Las Palmas win 8-4 on aggregate

Sporting Lisbon 1 (Manuel Fernandes 73)
Bastia 2 (Rep 87, Desvignes 89)
HT: 0-0. **Att:** 60,000. **Ref:** Kellenberger (Switzerland)
Bastia win 5-3 on aggregate
An extraordinary turnroud in the last three minutes meant Sporting finished up losing a tie they were so sure they had won after Manuel Fernandes's 73rd-minute goal. At 3-3 on aggregate, Sporting had the advantage of two away goals. But just when they were least expecting it, Bastia hit back. First former Ajax and Valencia star Johnny Rep put Bastia level in the match and ahead again overall, then, as Sporting surged forward looking for another winner, Desvignes broke away to make sure the Corsicans won not only the tie, but the match as well.

Steaua Bucharest 1 (Dumitru 35 pen)
Barcelona 3 (Cruyff 23, Asensi 76, Sanchez 90)
HT: 1-1. **Att:** 30,000. **Ref:** Serafino.
Barcelona win 8-2 on aggregate

Dynamo Tbilsi 0
Internazionale-Milan 0
Att: 9,000. **Ref:** Eschweiler (West Germany)
Tbilsi win 1-0 on aggregate

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Continued from previous page

Ujpest Dozsa 7 (Fazekas 29, 88, Toth 51, 70, Torocsik 62, Sarlos 72, Fekete 83)
Linz ASK 0
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 8,000.
Ref: Dilek (Turkey)
Ujpest win 9-2 on aggregate

Valkeakoski Haka 0
Gornik Zabrze 0
Att: 4,000. **Ref:** Mansson (Denmark)
Gornik win 5-3 on aggregate

Widzew Lodz 0
Manchester City 0
Att: 45,000. **Ref:** Jursa (Czech)
Widzew Lodz win on away goals – 2-2 on aggregate

City failed badly, considering they were at one stage 2-0 up in the first leg. They were without suspended full back Willie Donachie and injured Mike Channon, their £300,000 buy, for the return, but that was no excuse for Joe Royle's terrible miskick after Stanislav Burzynski dropped a harmless looking cross. Royle's miss was City's best chance. Lodz could have had a goal, but Ryszard Kowenicki shot over with only Joe Corrigan to beat, and the Poles held out to go into the second round. Tempers again were evident and City midfield player Paul Power was booked after a skirmish with Zdzislaw Kostrzewinski.

Dynamo Zagreb 5 (Cerin 4, 75, Senzen 16, Zajec 63 pen, Bonic 81)
Olympiakos Piraeus 1 (Caravitis 37 pen)
HT: 2-1. **Att:** 35,000. **Ref:** Nagy (Hungary)
Zagreb win 6-4 on aggregate

Start Kristiansand 2 (Skuseth 27, Ole Olsen 65)
Fram Reykjavik 0
HT: 1-0. **Att:** 1,500. **Ref:** Moffatt (N. Ireland)
Start win 8-0 on aggregate

Red Boys Differdange 0
AZ '67 Alkmaar 5 (Kist 12, 27, 79, Van Hanegem 33, Van Rijnsoer 54)
HT: 3-0. **Att:** 2,500. **Ref:** Racine (Switzerland)
Alkmaar win 16-1 on aggregate

KB Copenhagen 3 (Andersen 49, 84, 89)
Dundee Utd 0
HT: 0-0. **Att:** 9,000. **Ref:** Derks (Holland)
KB win 3-1 on aggregate

Torsten Andersen, Denmark's top scorer, was the Copenhagen hero. After missing the first leg because of injury he rattled in a second-half hat-trick to eliminate the Scots. But he left it late — there were only six minutes remaining when he put KB ahead on aggregate.

LUXEMBOURG

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Jeunesse	3	2	1	0	8	3	5
Union	3	2	1	0	6	3	5
Grevenmacher	3	2	0	1	6	5	4
Beggen	3	1	2	0	4	3	4
Etzella	3	1	2	0	5	3	4
Rumelange	3	2	0	1	4	4	4
Alliance	3	1	1	1	4	5	3
Spora	3	1	1	1	3	3	3
Chiers	3	1	0	2	3	4	2
Red Boys	3	1	0	2	4	5	2
Stade	3	0	0	3	2	5	0
Niedercorn	3	0	0	3	2	8	0

SCOTLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Dundee United	7	5	2	0	12	3	12
Aberdeen	7	5	2	0	12	5	12
Rangers	7	4	1	2	17	11	9
Motherwell	7	3	2	2	12	7	8
St. Mirren	7	3	2	2	12	9	8
Hibernian	7	3	1	3	7	6	7
Celtic	7	2	1	4	8	9	5
Partick Thistle	7	2	1	4	9	13	5
Ayr United	7	1	1	5	4	15	3
Clydebank	7	0	1	6	3	18	1

YUGOSLAVIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Hajduk	7	5	2	0	12	5	12
Dinamo	7	5	1	1	14	5	11
Sloboda	7	5	0	2	13	8	10
Partizan	7	4	2	1	8	3	10
Red Star	7	3	3	1	12	7	9
Borac	7	4	0	3	13	10	8
Titograd	7	4	0	3	13	12	8
Sarajevo	7	3	1	3	11	9	7
Velez	7	2	3	2	7	8	7
Celik	7	2	3	2	7	8	7
Osijek	7	2	3	2	5	5	7
Vojvodina	7	3	0	4	13	11	6
Rijeka	7	2	2	3	5	6	6
Zagreb	7	1	3	3	5	10	5
Nis	7	1	2	4	2	9	4
Olimpija	7	1	1	5	7	10	3
OFK Belgrade	7	1	1	5	6	16	3
Trepca	7	1	1	5	6	17	3

EIRE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Finn Harp	4	4	0	0	10	4	8
Sligo	4	3	0	1	13	5	6
Bohemians	4	2	2	0	10	1	6
Cork Albert	4	3	0	1	8	6	6
Shamrock RVS	4	2	2	0	5	3	6
Drogheda	4	2	1	1	10	5	5
Athlone	4	1	2	1	6	6	4
St Patrick	4	1	2	1	3	4	4
Waterford	4	1	2	1	6	8	4
Cork Celtic	4	1	2	1	6	5	4
Home Farm	4	1	1	2	5	8	3
Shelbourne	4	0	2	2	6	8	2
Limerick	4	0	2	2	4	7	2
Dundalk	4	0	2	2	3	6	2
Thurles	4	0	1	3	2	9	1
Galway	4	0	1	3	0	12	1

RUMANIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Pitesti	6	3	3	0	13	8	9
Timisoara	6	4	1	1	11	8	9
Steaua	6	3	2	1	12	5	8
Sportul	6	4	0	2	7	6	8
ASA TG. Mures	6	3	1	2	15	9	7
Craiova	6	2	3	1	7	4	7
FC Olimpia	6	3	1	2	9	7	7
FC Constantza	6	3	0	3	9	7	6
Dinamo	6	2	2	2	7	5	6
Ploesti	6	2	2	2	7	6	6
CS Tirgoviste	6	3	0	3	5	7	6
Petrosani	6	2	1	3	6	8	5
SC Bacau	6	1	3	2	5	9	5
Politeh. Iassi	6	1	2	3	5	7	4
Cornivul	6	1	2	3	6	9	4
UT Arad	6	1	2	3	5	8	4
Oradea	6	2	0	4	6	13	4
FCM Resitza	6	1	1	4	5	14	3

HUNGARY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Ujpest	4	4	0	0	10	2	8
Tatabanya	4	4	0	0	8	2	8
Csepel	4	3	0	1	8	5	6
Videoton	4	2	1	1	10	4	5
Szombathely	4	2	1	1	8	3	5
MTK	4	2	1	1	5	2	5
Szekesfehervar	4	2	1	1	5	5	5
Diosgyor	4	2	1	1	4	4	5
Honved	4	2	0	2	5	3	4
Bekescsaba	4	1	2	1	4	8	4
Vasas	4	1	1	2	6	5	3
Dunanjvaros	4	0	3	1	3	5	3
Ferencvaros	4	1	1	2	7	10	3
Pecs	4	0	2	2	3	6	2
Raba Eto.	4	0	2	2	2	5	2
Szeged	4	1	0	3	3	10	2
Kaposvar	4	0	1	3	5	8	1
Zalaegerszeg	4	0	1	3	2	11	1

DENMARK

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Odense	22	14	7	1	50	18	35
Vejle	22	11	6	5	46	33	28
1903, Cop.	22	11	6	5	41	29	28
Randers	22	11	3	8	34	39	25
Koege	22	11	2	9	44	39	24
KB, Cop.	22	9	6	7	46	37	24
1901, Nykobing	22	8	8	6	37	32	24
Kastrup	22	10	3	9	29	32	23
Aarhus	22	9	4	9	35	35	22
Esbjerg	22	7	7	8	35	30	21
Fram	22	8	5	9	33	36	21
Frederikshaven	22	6	7	9	32	42	19
1909, Odense	22	7	3	12	35	48	17
Aalborg	22	3	9	10	20	33	15
B.93, Cop.	22	4	5	13	23	49	13
Holbaek	22	5	3	14	21	47	13

TURKEY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Bursaspor	3	2	1	0	7	1	5
Galatasaray	3	2	1	0	4	2	5
Fenerbahce	3	2	0	1	8	5	4
Altay	3	2	0	1	7	5	4
Orduspor	3	2	0	1	2	3	4
Adana Dispor	3	1	1	1	6	4	3
Boluspor	3	1	1	1	3	1	3
Eskisehirspor	3	1	1	1	4	4	3
Ankara Gucu	3	1	1	1	2	2	3
Trabzonspor	3	1	1	1	2	3	3
Mersin I. Yuedu	3	1	1	1	3	5	3
Diyarbakirspor	3	1	0	2	5	6	2
Samsunspor	3	1	0	2	4	5	2
Zonguldakspor	3	1	6	2	4	5	2
Besiktas	3	1	1	2	0	3	1
Adanaspor	3	1	1	2	2	8	1

BELGIUM

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
FC Bruges	9	6	1	2	21	17	13
Beveren-Waas	9	5	1	3	14	11	11
Winterslag	8	4	3	1	14	8	11
Anderlecht	9	4	3	2	16	7	11
Lierse SK	9	4	3	2	11	7	11
Standard	8	4	2	2	20	13	10
Kortrijk	9	4	2	3	12	12	10
Beerschot	9	2	6	1	14	12	10
Beringen	9	4	1	4	5	6	9
La Louviere	9	4	1	4	13	15	9
SC Charleroi	9	4	1	4	11	16	9
Antwerp	9	2	4	3	10	10	8
RWD Molenbeek	9	2	4	3	13	15	8
Lokeren	9	3	1	5	12	11	7
Waregem	9	3	1	5	13	13	7
CS Bruggs	9	2	3	4	9	17	7
Liege	9	2	2	5	11	14	6
Boom	9	1	1	7	11	26	3

SPAIN

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Real Madrid	5	4	0	1	12	3	8
Barcelona	5	3	2	0	4	0	8
Real Betis	5	1	4	0	5	2	6
Salamanca	5	3	0	2	8	6	6
Valencia	4	2	1	1	11	6	5
Las Palmas	4	1	3	0	5	2	5
Gijon	5	2	1	2	5	5	5
Sevilla	5	2	1	2	7	8	5
Elche	5	2	1	2	8	10	5
Hercules Alicante	5	2	1	2	4	9	5
Real Sociedad	5	2	0	3	6	5	4
Santander	5	1	2	2	5	6	4
Rayo Vallecano	5	1	2	2	4	5	4
Athletic Bilbao	5	1	2	2	2	3	4
Espanol	5	2	0	3	8	12	4
Cadiz	5	2	0	3	4	9	4
Athletico Madrid	5	1	1	3	5	7	3
Burgos	5	1	1	3	3	8	3

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RATKO SVILAR Yugoslavia

World SOCCER

Left to right: **DAVID O'LEARY, PAT RICE** *Arsenal and* **TONY WOODCOCK** *N.Forest*